

Frontispiece to part III.



*You have got him Ma'am, in
the right Kew.*

THE *Gal & L*
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR W. I. T.

BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
SEVERAL CURIOUS PIECES
IN VERSE AND PROSE.

Many of which were never before Printed.

WRITTEN BY THE

Earl of CHESTERFIELD,	Sir WALTER RALEIGH,
Earl of CARLISLE,	Rt. Hon. CH. TOWNSHEND,
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Lady M. W. MONTAGUE,	Mr. RT. LLOYD,
Sir CHARLES HANBURY	Mr. W. KENRICK,
WILLIAMS,	Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM;

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

PART THE THIRD.

L O N D O N.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXIX.

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CITY LATIN;

O R,

Critical and political remarks on the Latin inscription on laying the first stone of the intended new bridge at Black Friars. Proving almost every word, and every letter of it to be erroneous, and contrary to the practice of both ancients and moderns in this kind of writing: interspersed with curious reflections on antiques and antiquity, with a plan or pattern for a new inscription. Dedicated to the venerable society of antiquaries. By the Rev. BUSBY BIRCH, L. L. D. F. R. S. F. A. S. F. G. G. and M. S. E. A. M. G. i. e. member of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce.

Quis expedit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari? MILT.

THOUGH I cannot but applaud the zeal and affection, which our worthy citizens of London have expressed towards the GREAT MINISTER, in their Inscription on laying the first stone of the intended new
B bridge,

bridge, yet I could wish they had been contented with expressing it in their own native language ; which will probably last as long as the bridge, though built on *Elliptic* arches.

There were doubtless among them persons of sufficient abilities for such a task : witness the late address of the lord mayor and aldermen ; witness the address of the common council ; witness the address of the merchants ; all which, we may venture to say, have not been outdone by the addresses of any other mayors, aldermen, and corporations, or even of our two universities. Where then was the necessity that the inscription in question should be couched in an unknown tongue ? Unknown we may call it to most of our citizens, whose knowledge in Latin scarce extends further than the famed Ashley's motto, *pro bono publico* ; though it must be allowed, that many of them are conversant in the French, Spanish, Italian, German, High Dutch, Low Dutch, and Hebrew.

I know not, whether this Latin inscription (if it may be called Latin) was drawn up by the reverend ordinary of Newgate, or my lord mayor's chaplain, or the master of Merchant Taylors, or Paul's school, or even the Charter-House ; but the following remarks will, I think, sufficiently prove the author to be wholly ignorant of *Classical Latinity*, and an intire stranger to the usual stile of *Inscriptions*.

But

But it will be necessary, in order to refresh the reader's memory, that I should transcribe this inscription, together with its *English* translation, as it has appeared in the public papers: though there is great reason to imagine, that it was originally first drawn up in *English*, by some learned *deputy* or other, and afterwards *done into Latin*, as the phrase is; which, if this be the case, will readily account for the many *Anglicisms* that occur in it.

Ultimo die Octobris, anno ab incarnatione
MDCCLX.

auspicatissimo principe GEORGIO Tertio
regnum jam ineunte,

pontis hujus, in reipublicæ commodum,

urbisq; majestatem,

(late tum flagrante bello)

a S. P. Q. L. suscepti,

primum lapidem posuit

THOMAS CHITTY, Miles,

Prætor :

ROBERTO MYLNE, Architecto.

Utque apud posteros extet monumentum

voluntatis suæ erga virum,

qui vigore ingenii, animi constantia,

probitatis & virtutis suæ felici quadam contagione,

(favente Deo

faustisque GEORGII Secundi auspiciis)

imperium Britannicum

in Asia, Africa, & America,

restituit, auxit, & stabilivit,

necnon patriæ antiquum honorem & auctoritatem

inter Europæ gentes instauravit ;

cives Londinenses, uno consensu,

huic ponti inscribi voluerunt nomen

GULIELMI PITT.

Englished thus.

On the last Day of October, in the year 1760,
and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of
GEORGE the Third,

Sir THOMAS CHITTY, Knight, Lord Mayor,
laid the first stone of this bridge,
undertaken by the Common Council of London,
(amidst the rage of an extensive war)
for the public accommodation,
and ornament of the city :

ROBERT MYLNE being the Architect.
And that there might remain to posterity
a monument of this city's affection to the man,
who, by the strength of his genius,
the steadiness of his mind,
and a certain kind of happy contagion of his
probity and spirit,
(under the divine favour
and fortunate auspices of GEORGE the Second)
recovered, augmented, and secured,
the British empire
in Asia, Africa, and America,
and restored the ancient reputation
and influence of his country
amongst the nations of Europe ;
the citizens of London have unanimously voted this
bridge to be inscribed with the name of
WILLIAM PITT.

Ultimo Die Octobris.

The last day of October : This is a very bald expression, and but little removed from a downright *Anglicism*. *Die Octobris XXXI.* would have been more in the inscription taste, which delights in these capital numerals. But, if they must have it *the LAST day*, *postremo* is undoubtedly the classical word ; and, as elegance of construction should be particularly regarded in these little things, it should also have been placed after *Die Octobris*, and not before it. *Die Octobris postremo*. It is strange, that when *postero*, or *posteriore*, might have served instead of a better word, that the author should unluckily pitch upon poor *Ultimo*.

Anno ab Incarnatione.

If our author had known any thing of precision, he would certainly have added *N. S. J. C. i. e. Nostri Salvatoris Jesu Christi*, which would likewise have looked very pretty, since nothing in works of this kind is so pretty as single capitals. But why could not simply *Anno Domini* have served his turn, as brevity is no less to be consulted in inscriptions ? I suppose he was afraid, lest posterity should mistake it for the *year of the lord* mayor. However, if the author had been the least acquainted with the custom of the *Romans* on these occasions, he might have borrowed a very elegant phrase from them, I mean, *Anno Urbis Conditaë*,
which

which would have preserved to posterity the precise æra when the city of *London* was first built; and this, there is no doubt, might have been accurately fixed by the *Antiquarian* society, assisted in their enquiries by the ruins of the city-gates.

MDCCLX.

It may seem odd, that I should find fault with these innocent letters; but preciseness obliges me to point out, that they are never applied in this manner in *Latin* inscriptions. Had the author but dipped into *Montfaucon's* or *Graevius's Antiquities*, or even *Stow's Survey of London*, he would have found, that, instead of CC, he should have used CIƆ; and the least observation would have informed him, that a point or dot was necessary after some of the letters, as thus M.D CIƆ.LX. The virtuoso's eye must be as much hurt by the vulgar MDCCLX, as it would be by the barbarous *Arabic-numerals* 1760.

Auspicatissimo Principe GEORGIO Tertio Regnum
jam ineunte.

Auspicatissimo (the most auspicious) besides being a most egregious Anglicism, is, at best, but a very doubtful compliment to his present majesty. I have looked into *Holyoak's* dictionary, as it is vulgarly called, though the first, and best impression, properly styles it, *Vocabularium a Sanctâ Quercu*. There I find *Auspicatus* [ab *Auspicium*] *auspicious*, malo sensu frequenter usitat. Omen auspdatum, i. e. corvorum, Cic. *Auspicata Mu-*

lier. PLAUT. *A bad Woman*. Now, among the most numerous and most illustrious tribe of *issimi*, could not the author have culled out some choice epithet of the superlative degree, that would not be liable to a double meaning? Surely he might have met with *pick and chuse* in abundance from the dedications to foreign potentates; such as in those to the *French* king, *Christianissimo*, to the *Spanish*, *Catholicissimo*, to his holiness the pope, *Sacro-Sanctissimo*. But the epithet, that might at once have occurred to our author, as most suitable to his present majesty's character, (and, I am sure, every one will agree with me) is OPTIMO.

To proceed Our author is so desirous of setting down at length, what ought to be expressed in figures only (contrary to the known rules of inscription-writing) that here again he must substitute *Georgio tertio*, instead of *Georgio III.* as he would needs have *ultimo die Octobris*, in the room of *die Octobris XXXI.* I ask him, did he ever see *Tertius* or *Secundus* upon an halfpenny, a coin the nearest approaching to the copper medals of the *Cæsars*? No. Even *Charles the Second*, who would not stile himself either *II.* or *Secundus* (for fear, I suppose, of offending the Puritans) elegantly stamped himself, on his earliest coins, *Carolus a Carolo*; and I could not have blamed our author, if, instead of lengthening
ing

ing out III. to *Tertio*, he had further extended it into *Georgio a Friderico a Georgio a Georgio*.

Regnum jam ineunte.

It is hoped, that the news-papers, magazines, and other faithful histories of the present times, will convince posterity that his majesty king *George the Third* was, on the last day of *October*, 1760, actually in the kingdom; otherwise, from the above expression, they might naturally conclude the contrary, since *regnum jam ineunte* can only be construed, *just now coming into the kingdom*; and should the unfortunate *Tertio* in the line above happen to be defaced or worn out, posterity will be apt to imagine, that the bridge begun to be built at the time that *George the First* landed on the English shore from Hanover.

Pontis hujus, in reipublicæ commodum urbisque majestatem.

Here again my friend Holyoak must be called in to inform our author, that the preposition *in*, with an accusative case following it, generally signifies *against*, and not *for*; so that the sense of this passage might be, that the bridge was set on foot *to the detriment of the publick, and derogatory of the majesty of the city of London*. Nor would this interpretation appear strange, considering the great disputes that have arisen about the form and construction of its arches. But allowing this sentence to bear a good meaning, it is certainly necessary

cessary to make a slight transposition of the words thus *In Reipublicæ Majestatem, Urbisque Commodum* . . . for every one must agree with me, that the bridge is undoubtedly erected *for the accommodation of the city.*

Before I have done with this passage, I must remark, that every *classic* eye must be offended with seeing *reipublicæ* spelt at length, and made only one word of ; whereas it ought to have been split in two, or, at least, contracted to *reip.* or *reipubl.* or to *Rpublicæ*, or simply *R. P.* which latter is perhaps the most elegant way of writing it, as it is certainly the most ancient, and (what must further recommend it) consists only of capitals.

Latè tum flagrante Bello.

What must posterity suppose from this sentence (which is put in a parenthesis, and might indeed be better omitted) but that the bridge was built purely *on account of the war* ? And can they conceive any other reason, but that it was merely designed for the conveniency only of the trained-bands crossing the water ? Otherwise, what signifies it, whether the bridge was built in war-time or in peace ? Suppose our worthy citizens had set about it at the time of the last dreadful fire by St. *Magnus* church, the inscription, in that case, might have run *Latè tum flagrante IGNI* . . . and this too with some shadow of a meaning, as it might have been supposed, that the espousers of *Black Friars* bridge thereby meant to express their
secret

secret wish, that the fire might reach as far as its antagonist, the temporary-bridge. But, after all, what has *tum* to do in this passage? Is it placed there to signify, that the war raged on the last day of *October* particularly, or at the very instant of my lord-mayor's laying the first stone?

Pontis hujus

a S. P. Q. L. suscepti.

Here the author has for once awkwardly attempted to copy the usage of the ancients on their publick inscriptions. Every school-boy can tell him, that S. P. Q. R. signifies the whole state of *Rome*, that is, the senate and the people: But let us examine, whether S. P. Q. L. comprehends the whole city of *London*. Now it is well known, that the commonwealth of *Rome* was made up only of two bodies, to wit, the senate and the people; whereas the city is composed of,

1. The lord-mayor, or *prætor*.
2. The aldermen, or *aldermanni*, (there being no *Latin* term equal to their dignity.)
3. The common council men, or *Communis Concilii Fratres*.
4. The ordinary freemen, or *Liberti*.

Therefore the above capitals are not sufficient to denote this extensive corporation, but they should stand thus:

a P.

a P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L.

i. e. *Prætor, Aldermannis, Communis Concilii Fratribus, Libertisq; Londinensibus.* And how much more noble do these numerous capitals look (P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L.) than the sneaking S. P. Q. R. of the *Romans* !

But what are we to understand by *Pontis suscepti* ? Let us again consult *Holyoak*, and he will inform us, that *suscipere opus*, or *suscipere negotium*, may signify *to undertake any work or business* ; but *suscipere onus*, or *suscipere pontem*, must have a different construction ; and *Pontis a S. P. Q. L. suscepti*, in this place, can only be understood, *that the lord-mayor, aldermen, common council, and citizens, took up the bridge on their shoulders, and carried it clean off.*

Primum Lapidem posuit

THOMAS CHITTY, *Miles,*

Prætor :

ROBERTO MYLNE, *Architecto.*

The superficial common scholar will hardly conceive that any mistakes can possibly have been made in this plain and simple sentence ; but any one, who is conversant in the method of inscriptions, will discover many blunders.

I am credibly informed, that the first plate, on which the inscription was engraved, was obliged to be laid aside on account of the engraver, who did

did not understand *Latin*, cutting the line . . .
Thos. Chitty Miles, (as if it was Mr. *Thos. Chitty Miles*) instead of, *Thomas Chitty, Miles, a knight* :
 And no wonder, that the ignorant artist should commit such a blunder, when the manuscript had it originally *Tho'*. a barbarous abbreviation of *Thomas*, and the word *Dominus*, as *Latin* for *Sir*, (i. e. *Knight*) instead of *Miles*. But does not any one see, that *Chitty* should have been *Chittius*, or rather *Chitteius*, as in the next line *Mylne* should be *Mylneio*, *Thomas Chitteius*, *Roberto Mylneio*? It is, indeed, a pity, that these words will not bear to be converted into true *Latin*, like my friend *Holyoak* into *Sancta Quercus*; or, as the Rev. *George White* stiled himself *Agricola Candidus* *. But, as this cannot be, they ought, at least, to have a *Latin* termination; and every judge of antiquity will agree with me, that, without this addition, these names will sound no better than the familiar appellations of *Tom Chitty* and *Bob Mylne*.

* This excellent genius formerly published a *Latin* news-paper, and stiled himself by the name above-mentioned. He was, indeed, obliged to have recourse to the *Greek* language, as well as the *Latin*, on this occasion. Finding out, that *George*, or rather *Georgus*, would in *Greek* characters be Γεωργιος, and then finding out (in *Schrevelius's Lexicon*) that this meant *Agricola*, he very happily first *græcized*, thence *latinized*, his *pronomen* into that excellent appellation,

*Utque apud Posteror extet Monumentum Volun-
tatis suæ ergà Virum.*

Voluntatis suæ : It is hard to determine, whether this means the *Bridge's* affection, or *Thomas Chitty's* and *Robert Mylne's*, whose names immediately go before ; but it is obvious, that in the first line, the author has a double meaning, and intends a compliment to one of the city structures . . . *Ut apud Posteror extet MONUMENTUM ; that the MONUMENT may stand to posterity.* In return for this patriotic wish, I would propose, that, as some have idly conceived a prejudice against *Elliptic* arches (the most strong and beautiful of any) this line should be fixed on the center arch, with a slight alteration,

APUD POSTEROS EXTET PONS.

*Qui Vigore Ingenii, Animi Constantiâ,
Probitatis & Virtutis, suæ felici quadam Contagione.*

The first line might have been this, that, or t'other ; but, in the name of *Latin*, what is this *felici quadam Contagione* ? . . . By a certain kind of a sort of an happy contagion . . . of what? . . . *Probitatis & Virtutis suæ* . . . his own probity and virtue. Stay . . . I shall wear out poor *Holy-oak*, having used him at, and ever since I left, school . . . but no matter . . . let me see . . . oh . . . *Contagio*, f. [*a contactus, contangere*] *Contagion* . . . Now for his instances . . . *Abisis contagionem spirat*, TER. and many others, not one

one of which but gives the word in a bad sense. But even allowing that *Contagio* may be taken in a good sense, as it is qualified with the epithet of *felix*, the line, after twisting and winding it which way you please, can only be understood, that Mr. Pitt caught the happy contagion of his own probity and spirit. But the author undoubtedly intended an inuendo by this passage, that the lord-mayor, aldermen, and the rest of the citizens, were infected with the same probity and spirit.

*Imperium Britannicum
in Asiâ, Africâ, et Americâ,
restituit, auxit, et stabilivit.*

From the order of the words, and from the common method observed in inscriptions, posterity will doubtless conceive, that the author meant to particularize the different success of our arms in different parts of the globe; and they will naturally understand this passage as follows :

<i>In Asiâ restituit,</i>	<i>In Africâ auxit,</i>	<i>In Americâ, stabilivit.</i>
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that is, he restored the *British* empire in *Asia*, he augmented it in *Africa*, he secured it in *America*. Every body knows, that inscriptions should be as plain as possible, and the least liable to have their sense mistaken: I therefore cannot suppose, that our author should depart from this known rule, but rather imagine, that some officious would-be-critic foisted in this line about *Asia*,
Africa^s

Africa, and *America*, because *Europe* happens to come in the next sentence, and he was willing to have all the four quarters of the globe together. I am convinced, that our author would rather have brought in all the four winds, and have written it, *In Euro, in Boreâ, in Austro, &c.* Or had he said, *cum in Asiâ, tum in Africâ, et Americâ restituit, auxit, et stabilivit*, there could have been no room to doubt of its meaning.

Necnon patriæ antiquum Honorem et Auctoritatem inter Europæ Gentes instauravit.

A little lad, a relation of mine, who is in the third form at *Westminster* school, happened to call upon me just as I had finished my last remark. I set him to construe this passage. He began . . . *Nec non*, also . . . *instauravit*, he, he, he, [restored, child ?] restored . . . *antiquum honorem*, the ancient honour . . . *et auctoritatem*, and the authority . . . [good boy ! wonderful !] . . . *patriæ* . . . [well !] of their countries . . . [their countries, child ?] . . . Yes, uncle, *inter Europæ Gentes*, among the nations of *Europe*. Upon my word, the boy set the passage in a different light to what perhaps I should have seen it in ; and posterity must consider our great patriot as the patriot of all countries, foes or friends, when they understand, from this sentence (as it cannot be well construed otherwise) that he restored the ancient honour and authority [not only of his own, but] of each their several respective countries to all the nations,

tions of Europe. Had, indeed, the little word *sua* here happened to have slipped in . . . *Patria suæ antiquum Honorem & Auctoritatem, &c.* it would have given the sentence that meaning which the author doubtless intended it should convey.

*Cives Londinenses, uno Consensu,
huic Ponti inscribi voluerunt Nomen
GULIELMI PITT.*

It cannot be sufficiently lamented, that the inscription throughout is so intirely devoid of the genuine marks of just and classical composition. I have pointed out the egregious ignorance of the author, in this kind of writing, in his very first line, *in vestibulo*, as it were ; and he has shewn no less ignorance in the conclusion. *Cives Londinenses* . . . What a pity it is, that he had not made use of that magnificent range of capitals, P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. as before recommended ! but how shocking is it, that the ignorant has not had reading enough to know, that the letters C. L. (nothing more than C. L.) were more full, more expressive, or more intelligible, and more *inscriptive* by themselves, than with the useless addition of *ives ondinenses* !

The common reader will hardly imagine that I should be able to spy out any mistake in the last line, *Gulielmi Pitt* ; but I hope to prove, to the satisfaction of every body, at least of every *antiquary*, that the author is wrong in both the

christian and *surname* of this gentleman. First then, it is well known, that the word *Gulielmi* was never used in inscriptions, except upon the barbarous modern medals, or coins, of king *William III.* I wonder the author did not write it, *Williami*, which is certainly as good *Latin* for *William*, as this strange *Gulielmi* ; at least, he might have *barbaro-latinized* it into *Wilhelmi*, or (as the chaste *Roman* alphabet abhorred a *VV* or *W*) called it *Vilhelmi*. But, if it must be something like *Gulielmi*, is it not notorious, that it should be spelt *Guilelmi* and not *Gulielmi*, as it is vulgarly and ignorantly written ?

But to come to the name *Pitt* O what a glorious opportunity was here let slip of naturalizing an *English* name into the *Latin* tongue, by a *latinization* of it *Pitt ! Pitt !* a *LOW English* word ! Sink, ditch, bog, quagmire, would sound equally noble. But if, instead of this, it had been written *Fossa*, how grandly would that have sounded ! And, surely, every admirer of antique learning will agree with me, that *Fossa ! Guilelmi Fossæ !* . . . would have made the illustrious name of the *Fossas* adored and remembered to all posterity.

As to the objection, which will possibly be raised, that posterity may perhaps apprehend the word *Fossa* to mean *Ditch* instead of *Pitt*, that can have no force at all, as they will easily find, that though *Will Pitt* was at the head of the ministry at
this

this present time, there was no such person joined with him in the administration, as *Will Ditch*. It is true, indeed, that the city formerly joined *two* names together in their presentation of their freedom and gold boxes : It might therefore be a matter of some wonder, that they did not think fit to couple them on the present occasion, and at the same time that they immortalized *Guilelmus Fossa*, they did not pay the same honours to *Henricus Bilsonus Crus*.

And now I have touched upon the subject of converting *English* proper names into *Latin*, I shall beg leave to enlarge upon it a little further, and to shew its peculiar elegance and propriety. We cannot but be sensible, that most of our *English* names, which have any meaning at all, are borrowed from the lowest, and sometimes the most ridiculous, as well as offensive objects. Thus, for instance, what can be more shocking to a delicate ear, than Mangey, Rag, Belcher, Gorge, Grub, Trollop, Nanny, Hussey, &c. &c. &c. Not to mention some others, that border very nearly on indecency. Many, again, take their appellation from the lowest tradesmen and mechanics ; such as Smith, Mason, Gardener, Packer, Dyer, Turner, Taylor, Cook, Cooper, Carter, Draper, Glover, Butcher, Plumber, Painter, Carpenter, &c. Almost all kinds of beasts, birds, and fishes, are also to be found among us ; as Buck, Stag, Hart, Hind, Fox, Hare, Bull, Bullock, Lamb ;—Duck,

C 2

Drake,

Drake, Gosling, Crow, Hawk, Kite, Heron, Crane, Parrot, Partridge, Cock, Woodcock ;—Sprat, Herring, Crab, Whiting, Salmon, &c. The four quarters of the wind, East, West, North, and South, are also frequently used as surnames ; and almost all the colours of the rainbow are appropriated to the same purposes ; as Green, Scarlet, Grey, Brown, Black, Blackall, Blackmore, White, Whitehead, Redhead, &c. Even the different parts of our habitations furnish us with no inconsiderable number of names : We have House, Garden, Court, Wall, Hall, Kitchen, Garret, Stair, Chambers, Wood, Stone, Lock, Key, Street, Lane, &c. We have also Fields, Meadows, Hills, Rivers, Lakes, Ponds, Pools, Dykes, Hedges, &c. in abundance. Some parts of the body likewise serve for the same end ; as Head, Scull, Leg, Foot, Trotter, &c. But why need I dwell any longer on this subject ? There are Rich and Poor, Sharp and Blunt, Young and Eld, Long and Short, Small and Great, Walker and Rider, Swift, Hastings, and On-slow ; with a variety of other names taken from the most common actions of our lives.

Let us then suppose, that these names, or the most vulgar and disagreeable of them, were to be changed into *Latin* : It would perhaps be objected, that the words in either language would still bear the same import ; yet it must be allowed, that the sound being altered, the ear is not so immediately

mediately shocked, or the mind so directly struck with the vulgarness or indelicacy of their meaning. For instance, though the name *Belcher* should of right belong to nobody but a *Dutchman*, the *Latin* word *Eruetator* greatly alleviates the filthiness of its meaning by the magnificence of its sound ; at least, it would not be inferior to the title of that emperor, who laid a tax on a certain natural evacuation, and was thence, by his flatterers, stiled *Urinator*. Besides, there are a great many *English* names, that nearly resemble those of the most illustrious families and offices in old *Rome* : Thus the *Smiths*, by a very fair allusion, might be stiled *FABRICII*, the *Gardeners* *HORTENSII*, the *Tailors* *SARTORII*, the *Drapers* *TOGATI*, the *Masons* *ÆDILES*, &c. &c. &c. So, in other instances, *Long* would be readily converted into *LONGINUS*, as *Short* would be *CURTIUS*, *Great* or *Greathead* might be called *MAXIMUS*, or *CAPITO MAXIMUS* ; *Young* (especially the reverend satirist of that name) would not be improperly stiled *JUVENALIS*, as *Eld* or *Oldham* might fairly make *SENECA* : *Swift* or *Hastings* is *FESTINUS*, and *On-slow* directly answers to *LENTULUS*. So also among the colours, *White* may be either *ALBIUS* or *CANDIDUS*, as *Black* or *Blackall* may at once assume the title of the emperor *NIGER* : And pray what is *FUSCUS*, to whom *Horace* addresses one of his odes, but downright *Brown* ? Suppose, therefore, a gen-

tleman of the name of *Wenman* or *Warton*, would he not be proud to be called after *CICERO*, who received that name on account of a *wen* or *wart* growing on the side of his face? And the *Italian* musician, whom the courtesy of the galleries have, in a manner, naturalized by the appellation of *Nosy*, would, I believe, very readily exchange it for that of the poet *NASO*; whom we may conclude to have been so called for the very same reason, if we consider his supposed intimacy with a certain lady of the first fashion in his time.

But the utility of this proceeding is still further evident from the practice of other nations in affairs of this kind. The *French*, perhaps conscious of the lightness and futility of their own language, always make use of this manner of writing on their public monuments; and their famous *Academy of Inscriptions*, &c. was established for scarce any other purpose, than to find out proper *Latin* words for the names of those illustrious personages, who are, by these means, to be immortalized. Thus, on a medal struck in memory of their famous poet *Racine*, that word signifying a *Root*, they have called him *Radix*; on another, in honour of the two *Corneilles*, father and son, they have been contented, by a slight mutation, to stile them *Cornelii Pat. et Fil. i. e. Pater et Filius*; but, I am informed, they are preparing another also for the *son* of the latter, on which is to be inscribed

scribed the classical name of CORNELIUS NEPOS . . . *Nepos*, in their language, signifying the *Petit-Fils* or *Grandson*.

The *Dutch* (who have always preserved a true taste for compositions of this kind, as well as for the finest branch of criticism, that of emending letters) are very accurate in the translations of their excellent *Dutch* names into *Latin*. One instance may suffice for all. In the church of *Rotterdam*, on the monument of that famous burgo-master (the first projector of stock-jobbing) ~~Dynheer~~ ~~Van~~ ~~Hugger~~ ~~Hugger~~ ~~Higgledy~~ ~~Higgledy~~ ~~Helter~~ ~~Skelter~~, he is concisely stiled, in the most elegant latinity . . . *Omnium Gatherum*.

Having then these great examples before our eyes, what should hinder this nation, which, though slow at invention, is every ready at improvement, from making itself equally remarkable for its taste in similar undertakings. A noble opportunity offers itself in the public monument shortly to be erected; and, if the inscription concerning a city bridge must be in *Latin*, the inscription on this monument will undoubtedly be in the same language; at least it ought to be so, if for no other reason, than that the name of *Wolf* will admit to be *latinized* into *Lupus*.

But to return from this digression . . . As I have found so much fault with the present form of the *city inscription*, I may be asked, perhaps, what

other would I substitute in its stead? To this I answer If we would consult elegance, clearness, strength, and brevity of expression, if we would regard the usual practice in these cases, it should certainly run somewhat in the following manner.

NON. VIII. MENS.

A. U. C. MM.C.LXXIX.

T. CHITTEIO PR.

PONT.

A P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. CONSTR.

LAP. P. P.

What can be more plain and intelligible than this? What can look nobler and more significant than this? An antiquarian could hang over it with rapture for hours, nay years together, and find out the beauty of every single capital. But, as the author of the prolix and wordy *city inscription* will doubtless be puzzled to get at its meaning, I will condescend to become a decypherer to his ignorance.

NON. VIII. MENS. *Nonis Octavi Mensis*, on the nones of the eighth month, that is, *October 31*.

If we look, indeed, into the *Roman* calendar, as adapted to ours, at the end of the dictionaries, we shall find it differently set down; but, alas! the editors have never considered the *alteration of the style*.

A. U.

A. U. C. MM.C.LXXIX. *Anno Urbis Condita*,
in the year from the first building of the city,
2179.

The date of this æra is modestly set down from authentic records; but there are traces of its foundation much earlier; though it does not appear, either from *Stow's Survey*, or *Maitland's History of London*, that the mayors were called *lords*, or that any of the citizens were *knighted*, till a long while after this period.

T. CHITTEIO PR. *Thomâ Chitteio Pratore*,
Thomas Chitty being mayor.

Though no one can be better affected to his majesty than myself; yet I thought it unnecessary, in a city inscription, to mention the time of his *beginning to reign*, especially if no expression can be found than *regnum jam ineunte*. It is sufficient to remark the precise date by the manner I have done; from the year of the first building of the city: But if this should be uncertain, authentic records will fully prove it, by informing posterity in what year *Thomas Chitty* was mayor; and, as to *Georgio Tertio Regnum jam ineunte*, it might as well have been said *Thomâ Chitty Mayoralitum jam exeunte*, *Thomas Chitty* just going out of his mayoralty.

PONT. A. P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. CONSTR.
LAP. P. P. *Pontis a Pratore, Aldermannis, &c.*
(as explained before) *construendi Lapis primus pone-*
batur,

batur, of a bridge to be built by the mayor, aldermen, &c. the first stone was laid . . . This is clear, short, and significant . . . But, you will say, as a compliment to Mr. *Pitt* is necessary, how is that to be expressed ? Why in the same concise and intelligible manner.

GUIL. FOSSÆ.
PATR. PATRIÆ D. D. D.

Is there any occasion to explain these letters ? *Guilelmo Fossæ Patri Patriæ Datur, Dicatur, Dedicator*, dedicated to *William Pitt*, the father of his country.

It is now high time to have done with this dry and uninteresting subject ; for so it may appear to all, who are not conversant in antiquity : And though I could easily have confirmed my remarks by numerous quotations from ancient and modern authors and critics, yet I chuse rather to leave it to the true virtuoso to determine, whether my criticisms are just or groundless. I shall only observe further, that, as the inscription, which has given rise to this little work, is said to have been engraven on *pure tin*, I think, with more propriety, it might have been upon *pure lead*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My publisher having informed me, that this pamphlet was refused a place in the Daily Advertiser, I sent my amanuensis to Jenour over the door, to know the reason; but the fellow having been accustomed only to set down so many words, without knowing, or even enquiring after, their meaning . . . consequently having very little practice of memory . . . he quite forgot what was said to him. I must therefore desire Jenour over the door will be pleased to acquaint my publisher, why the same favour should not be shewn by him to my learned labours, as to other works of genius and literature; especially as Jenour over the door could not have read a line of my work, as the advertisement was sent him before it was published.

A veritable

A veritable Coppie of the Inscriptiōne found
by me Martin Marforius, in the Barge be-
longynge to the ryghte worshippfull Com-
panie of Stationers; seid to be penned by
that notable Penman and profounde Scholler
iclepyd Johan. R—v—ng Tonie, Armiger,
Commun. Concilij. Frater, Bibliopol. Ar-
chiepisc. Cantuariens. & Court-assistant,
mannus Stationariorum, Lond.

T H I S

^e
BARG wAs buiLt

1766.

henry woodFaLL master

domIne dirGe nos

*On Mr. Yorke's taking a Patent of Precedence
in 1764.*

YORKE's great humility, I own,
At first may seem a stretcher;
He takes a patent from the crown,
To sit ——— below Sir Fletcher.

*Epigram on a Counsellor's having his Hat stolen in
Westminster-Hall.*

SHould'st thou to justice, honest thief, be led,
Swear that you stole his hat who had no head.
That plea alone all danger shall remove,
Nor judge, nor jury can the damage prove.

Inscription

*Inscription found upon a Stone ploughed up in a Field
in Devonshire, that was formerly a Lake.*

WHEN e'er this stone, now hid beneath the
lake,

The horse shall trample, or the plough shall break ;
Then, oh, my country ! shalt thou groan distrest,
Tears fill thine eyes, and sorrow chill thy breast ;
Thy streets with violence of woe shall sound
Loud as the billows bursting on the ground ;
Then o'er thy fields shall scarlet reptiles stray,
And murders and pollutions mark their way ;
Shall glutton on the industrious peasant's soil,
Live without care, and fatten without toil.

A Scottish thane shall triumph in this land,
And English subjects die at his command ;
Judges and justices revere his nod,
Obey his mandates, and despise their God.
The *Moon* * enrag'd, the affrighted *Bear* † shall
dread,
Lilies ‡ triumphant o'er the vale shall spread,
And traiterous m——s hide their guilty head.

* The Turkish crescent.

† The Russians.

‡ France.

Extempore by a POETICAL JUNTO, on hearing a certain impertinent Address in the News-Papers.

THOU essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee for all thy damn'd
crimes,
Is to take thy own physic and read thy own rhimes.

Answer to the JUNTO.

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes ;
For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhimes.

Dr. H——'s Reply to the JUNTO's Epigram.

YE desperate junto, ye great, or ye small,
Who combat-dukes, doctors, the devil and
all !

Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail :
I'll take neither *sage*, *dock*, nor *balsam of honey* ;
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.

ANTI-JUNTO.

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M,

*By DAVID GARRICK, Esq;**Written soon after Dr. HILL's Farce called
THE ROUTE was acted.*

FOR phyfic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are phyfic,
His phyfic a farce is.

*To Dr. Hill upon his Petition of the Letter I to
Mr. Garrick. By the same.*

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the
better ;

May the just right of *letters*, as well as of *men*,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen ;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their
due,

And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

Epitaph on Jerry Sneak the Taylor.

READER, within this turf-raised grave
There lies the body of a knave ;
Nor deem it strange, this stone should tell,
That while he liv'd, he liv'd in *hell* ;

Now

Now death has rid him of that evil,
He's gone *in earnest* to the *devil*.

On the grave-stone, upon which is inscribed the above epitaph, is figured a cluster of angels looking down from the clouds, that are meant to represent heaven, with arms extended as if about to receive the taylor ; which circumstance, together with the inscription, gave rise to the four following lines, that were written extempore underneath it :

Sad verse to read ! but charming sight to see !
How *ill* the *sculptor* and the *bard* agree :
To different men, what different arts are giv'n ;
One sings of *hell*, the other pictures *heav'n* !

To the EDITOR.

THE following is the most exact copy I could procure of the Latin inscription upon the column intended very soon to be erected in the centre of the area, before a very grand house, now building on a pleasant spot not far from town. It is supposed to have been written by the celebrated Monf. de Bouganville, professor in the academy of inscriptions and belles lettres at Paris, the same who writ the Latin epitaph on the marble monument, sent over to Quebec, for the Baron de Dieskau.

In Memoriam

Nob. Dom. Vice Com. H————

In hâc Viciniâ olim defuncti
Ob dimidiam Rei familiaris partem
sibi legatam,

(Uxore et fratris filio defuncti nobilis
etiam superstitibus)

Et nullam aliam ob Gratiam de illo
bene merenti,

Nisi quod ægroto in extremâ Valetudine
assiduè affuit,

Atque in ipsius mortis Articulo
Testamentum supremum
composuit,

Ædificium hoc ex lateribus constructum,
Viatorum Admiratis,
Vicinorum Invidia,

Ut Monumentum fidelis amicitiae
Et Domicilium sibi met ipsi accommodatum,
A possessore præsentis,

Attornato Artis suæ haud imperito,
Extrema licet Senectute,
Erigitur.

Idus Jul. An. Sal. 1768.

Accede, Viator, contemplare, et si
poteris, imitare.

*To a certain Magistrate on the Dedication of a
Tower to him in the Isle of Thanet.*

CURSED by the friends of liberty restored,
By Tories praised, by Jacobites adored;
What else remained to stigmatize thy cause?
Nought—but expiring H—d's last applause.

*Inscription for the Villa of a decay'd Statesman on
the Sea-Coast.*

OLD and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H**** form'd the pious resolution,
To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend
A broken character, and constitution.
On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice,
(Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand)
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, tho' shipwreck'd, dread to land.
Here reigns the blust'ring North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing,
Yet nature cannot furnish out the feast:
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.
Now mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,
Arches, and turrets nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled palaces delude his eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all:

“ Ah!

" Ah ! (said the sighing peer) had B**e been true,
 " Nor —'s, —'s, —'s friendship vain,
 " Far other scenes than these had crown'd our view,
 " And realiz'd the ruins that we feign.
 " Purg'd by the sword, and beautify'd by fire
 " Then had we seen proud London's hated walls ;
 " Owls might have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
 " And *Foxes* stunk, and litter'd in St. Paul's."

The TIMES. 1768.

————— *Omnes congruunt*

Unum cognoris, omnes noris.

T E R.

FAME's mouth is steep, and he who dares ascend,

Will find his toils a thousand foes attend :

Hence, G—m, much 'tis wonder'd, in these days,
 How you acquire such universal praise.

Mild, kind, and just, who, from your earliest youth,
 Have spoke the *truth*, and nothing but the *truth* !
 Tell them, by meekness taught—while lives a Bute,
 While B—n S—e is M——d's substitute ;

While B—n, by noblest motives warm'd,
 Applauds the deeds by *loyal* Scots perform'd ;
 While H—d, honest to his latest hour,
 To H——y's praise inscribes the marble tower ;
 While N—n pleads ; while W—b our juries claim,
 You, though well-meaning, have but *second* fame.

D 2

IMITATION.

IMITATION. ANACR. Od. 46.

To J. W. Esq;

WOULD you wish to serve the state,
 Would you strive with honours due,
 That a court confess you great,
 You, my friend, wrong schemes pursue.
 Wisdom that I know is your's,
 Brightest talents too you boast;
 But where gold extends its curse,
 All intrinsic merit's lost.
 'Tis the quantum that you pay,
 For the corporation bought:
 'Tis how ductile you obey,
 By the grand dictator taught*.
 Curs'd be he, the wretch of yore,
 Who, from womb of parent earth,
 First produc'd the tempting ore,
 Poison to all moral worth!
 This domestic peace destroys,
 This dissolves all human ties;
 Urg'd by this, a brother's joys
 Are a brother's sacrifice.

* Cet admirable maitre des muets, quand il leur donne ses premières leçons, forme avec ses mains dans leurs organes la disposition, qui est nécessaire pour prononcer chaque lettre.

LAMY.

This,

This, where in the raptur'd soul
 Love should boast his purest fire,
 Does each gen'rous thought controul,
 Bids profession's vow expire.

This (and let bold honour mourn,
 Hearing the recorded tale)
 This bade P— a villain turn,
 This confines a W—s in jail.

Newport, Isle of Wight,
Sept. 12.

Epistle to John Wilkes, Esq; in Confinement.

WHILE ev'ry truly English breast
 Swells with regret and rage possess'd,
 And mourns, O Wilkes, thy doom !
 Rather joy, who hope to view
 Thy steady soul her plan pursue,
 And equal ancient Rome.
 See M———d, impotent of soul,
 In pale and silent malice scowl,
 And yield to Y—s the blow !
 Vain all their rage ! thy noble heart
 Invulnerable scorns the dart,
 Nor heeds the feeble foe.
 Thus faithful to his country's good,
 Unmov'd the menac'd Roman stood
 At all the Punic rage ;

Bravely he met the death he dar'd,
 Nor fear'd the cruel pains prepar'd,
 Their malice to assuage.

Nor less the malice of thy foes
 I deem, O man of many woes !
 And much-enduring mind !
 Nor less shall be thy fame : I see
 Thy rescu'd country smile on thee,
 And glory gleam behind.

But should a venal senate fear
 To check oppression's proud career,
 Nor vindicate thy wrong,
 Let hope, with conscience to attend,
 Be thy inseparable friend,
 And speed the hours along.

Then let no pensive thought be thine,
 Nor let thy patriot heart repine,
 But be *these things* thy sport ;
 For know—that time shall set thee free,
 Unthank'd, relentless m——y,
 Unthank'd a thoughtless court.

Oxford, June 30, 1768.

The whole present Dispute in Law and Politics.

TO contradict Wilkes, now M—— replies,
'Twixt tenour and purport no difference lies :
 They both in one meaning appear to entwine,
 Like tendrils that twist round the stem of a
 vine,
 Tho' the one suits your purpose, the other suits
 mine.

To M—— cries Wilkes, I pray you, my lord,
 Give its own honest meaning to each proper word :
 Suppose, you should make a proposal to B—,
 To bring in his C— (tho' we hope he can't do't)
 The *purport* means only, his kinsman to bring
 Thro' Scotland to England, and here make him— ;
 But the *tenour* implies, and with very good reason,
 The unmaking another; and that's, you know,
 treason.

The LION in the TOILS. A political Fable.

By *Mr.* KENRICK.

Ex ungue leonem.

COMMITTED by the hand of power
 To close confinement in the Tower,
 Where many a dangerous beast we know
 Is lodg'd for royal raree-show ;
 A lion, in a leopard's skin,
 His spots without, his heart within,

Held forth to privilege his paw,
And claim'd protection of the law.

Alarm'd ! the forest stare a-while !
The asses bray ! the foxes smile !
And tygers tam'd, untry'd, condemn
Their brother brute too wild for them.
The sages of the law consult
The nature of his crimes occult,
While, wavering 'twixt the wrong and right,
They let him loose, and hope his flight;
'Till, basely hurt in bloody fray,
To distant lands he's lur'd away.

Let justice bring him now to shame :
The absent ever are to blame.
Accus'd he stands of horrid crimes,
Strange to these loyal, pious times !
Against his king—a bishop nods—
Nay, more, he scratch'd against the gods.
Behold the impious traitor's claw,
Known, and obnoxious to the law.

The lion heard, and, with disdain,
Returning to his native plain,
Demands the records just and true,
The fine and punishment his due.
Appall'd deluded justice stands,
Her balance trembling in her hands,
Nor holds uprais'd th' avenging blade
Without the rancorous lynx's aid.

Again the snare of power is spread,
 Inclosing his devoted head ;
 Again is urg'd the shame and sin
 Of spots upon a leopard's skin ;
 When lo ! he casts his wanton spoils,
 And proves a lion in the toils.

H A R R Y and N A N.

An ELEGY, in the Manner of TIBULLUS.

I.

CAN Apollo resist, or a poet refuse,
 When Harry and Nancy solicit the muse ;
 A statesman, who makes the whole nation his care,
 And a nymph, who is almost as chaste as she's fair.

II.

Dear spoufy had led such a damnable life,
 He determin'd to keep any whore but his wife :
 So Harry's affairs, like those of the state,
 Have been pretty well handled and tickled of late.

III.

From fourteen to forty our provident Nan
 Had devoted her life to the study of man,
 And thought it a natural change of her station,
 From riding St. George, to ride over a nation.

IV.

Secret service had wasted the national wealth,
 But now—'tis the price of the minister's health :

An

An expence which the treasury well may afford ;
 She who serves him in bed, should be paid at the
 board.

V.

So lucky was Harry, that nothing could mend
 His choice of a mistress, but that of a friend ;
 A friend so obliging, and yet so sincere,
 With pleasure in one eye, in t'other a tear.

VI.

My friend holds the candle—the lovers debate,
 And among them, God knows how they settle the
 state ;
 Was there ever a nation so govern'd before,
 By a jockey and gambler,—a p—p and a wh—?

A S O N G.

WHILE a thousand fine projects are plann'd
 ev'ry day,
 Old England to white-wash, and make her look
 gay,
 The exorbitant price of provisions forgot,
 And starving, I fear, is the poor people's lot.
 Derry down, &c.
 Tho' the markets are stor'd with good mutton and
 beef,
 To the tradesman no help, to the poor no relief ;
 By curs'd forestallers the rates are so high,
 That none but a Jew or a Dutchman can buy.

While

Whilst the streets to enlarge, our good citizens
scheme,

And on pulling down houses continually dream ;
These clever projectors, their wisdom so great,
Forget, while they labour, poor wretches must eat.
While the purse-proud directors, with riches o'er-
grown,

Are raising up mountains of timber and stone,
The poor scarce a bit of belly-timber can find,
To patch up their bodies and keep out the wind.
While our eastern bashaws are amassing great
treasure,

And making, and unmaking nabobs at their plea-
sure ;

While these wealthy engrossers their millions tell
o'er,

The want of a dinner ten thousand deplore.

As the right of their conquests are now in debate,
By the money obtain'd, and the blood of the state,
If the nation is wrong'd, and no recompence made,
Demolish their charter, and give a free trade.

While the epicure alderman's cramming his belly,
And feasting on pheasants, on ven'son, and jelly ;
While turtles and turbot's his tables bespread,
A poor family dines on a morsel of bread.

While guttling committees and companies meet,
To eat and to drink, and to drink and to eat ;

Full

Full bellies regard not the poor man's distress;
Then what hopes of relief? And what means of
redress?

Ye lords of the court, and great dons of the city,
On the poor people's wants and distresses take pity;
And when for the good of the nation you treat,
Contrive that the poor may have something to eat.

The Particulars of a happy Government.

BLEST is that government where greedy
knaves

Are ever plotting to make subjects slaves;
Where parliaments, intended to controul
Bad ministers, themselves fill up the roll;
Where all the money current thro' the land
Is yearly paid into the treasurer's hand;
Where lords and gentlemen for places pray,
As starving paupers do for parish pay;
Where politicks in dirty jobs consist,
And office-clerks acquire just what they list;
Where self all public duty disannuls,
And wealth denotes base hearts and baser skulls;
Where courts of law relax or stretch their power
As premier means to pardon or devour;
Where rapes, seduction, all unnotic'd pass,
And ev'ry vicious peer may seize his lass;

Where

Where murders sleep unpunish'd, 'till the day
Which statesmen's works of darkness will display;
Where titles are bestow'd to create tools,
And honest men are counted downright fools.

On the D. of B——'s Arrival in Ireland. 1768.

I.

SOFTLY sweet in *Lydian* measure,
Let the flute resound our pleasure;
Stop the noise of rattling drums:
For the *Great PEACEMAKER* comes.

II.

Let no din of frightful war
With dread alarms his fancy scare;
Nor let the thund'ring cannons roar,
To speak his welcome to the shore.

III.

You vile, you venal, slavish band,
In useless pageantry that stand,
Begone! he likes not your parade;
He hates a *martial* cavalcade.

IV.

But let the gently lulling lute
In mildest strains the chief salute:
And let the thrum of light guitar
With grateful trifling please his ear.

V. Ye

V.

Ye matrons, twine the *olive* wreath,
 Whose valiant friends thro' him still breathe:
 Ye maids, who have not lost a spouse,
 Adorn with *thistle* ev'ry house.

VI.

Ye ladies fair, shew your regards,
 And strew the streets with heaps of *cards*,
 Be PAM with glad amazement dumb;
 His servant and his patron's come.

VII.

Ye sons of ALMA, tune your lays,
 And sing your *worthy* fav'rite's praise,
 Extol the heroes of his *name*,
 Whose valour won immortal fame.

VIII.

Chiefs, who the sword for FREEDOM drew,
 Alike to *prince* and *people* true;
 Nor barter'd shame for sordid pelf;
 Nor made the *public* yield to *self*.

IX.

Last in the glorious record be
 The MARTYR for sweet LIBERTY;
 Who for *religion* nobly bled,
 And for his *virtue* lost his HEAD.

X.

In these bright patterns of renown,
Trace *worth* continual handed down :
Then say, what virtue of a *man*
Adorns *this worthy*?—if you can.

XI.

Describe his dangers on the main,
Or on the great NEW-MARKET plain ;
His wounds of *honour* in the *face*,
Or stripes his *back* got at a *race*.

XII.

Display, to the admiring nations,
His wond'rous skill in *negotiations* ;
Or, what more near engage his heart,
The tricks of the *stock-jobbing* art.

XIII.

The losses tell, which haughty SPAIN
Sorely lamented once *in vain* ;
Soon he with *gen'rous ease* restor'd
The earnings of the BRITISH *sword*.

XIV.

Describe the fall of GALLIC pride,
Her arms o'erthrown on ev'ry side ;
And, that so high her crest's now rais'd,
Be *this great DUKE* by *hirelings* prais'd.

Ireland, Sept. 6, 1768.

A Sailor's

*A Sailor's Description of the Masquerade :**As played before the King of Denmark to a crouded,
motley audience in the Hay-market.*

LITTLE Moll, faith, and I from Wapping
came up,

To see the fine shew and the folks ;
But for fear of mistakes we thought best for to sup ;
For these courtiers have comical jokes.

When first we came in, I was 'maz'd to behold,
Night at once was all chang'd into day :
The folks seem'd to roll like a vast sea of gold,
And the gall'ry stuff'd full like a play.

Little Moll dropp'd a-stern, being afraid to make
fail,

'Till I at her helm took a spell ;
When whip in a trice, she steer'd up within hail
Of the devil, just landed from hell.

Lord blefs me, says she, Ben ! where have we got ?

This company's too good for *we* !
Sure at home he was cold, and's come here to be
hot,

' For such devils I never did see !

The devil ! ne'er mind—heave a-head, my dear
girl,

And I'll shew you the KING of the crew ;

Each

Each duke, ev'ry duchefs—each lady and earl,

And when I bump—do you court'fy *do!*

Like a *tragedy queen*, when Moll saw the king,

Plump on her bare knees: *she fell down:*

But, by Neptune, I soon made her rise with a
spring,

And swore she knew nought of the town.

We parted—and I, faith, who like to be smart,

Clapp'd on board of a shepherdefs sweet,

Who, with no other crook than her eyes, hook'd
my heart,

As fast as if prest in the Fleet.

She pull'd me about (till parch'd was my mouth)

At the rate of ten knots by the log:

But I soon found this king was no tar—but a
youth

For he Burgundy gave us as grog.

This gay little shepherdefs, faith, was so smart,

She tow'd me from pillar to post,

Some call'd me a lubber, unfit for my part,

And wreck'd on the masquerade coast.

Mandarins and nabobs were as plenty as *rice*,

Jews, Negroes, Banyans, and what not;

There were characters purchas'd at every price,

Unless the raw, bra, letter'd *Scot*.

In this ocean of pleasure, egad, there were tars,
 Who ne'er past the Buoy of the Nore ;
 There were soldiers, like Hymen, who knew not of
 wars,
 And *domino* fools by the score.

There were pilgrims and quakers, blacks, witches,
 and nuns,

Minervas without sense or tongue,
 Who falter'd and lisp'd out some feminine puns :
 " Do you know me ?"—was all said or sung.

Grave conjurors too, who ne'er conjur'd before,
 And Harlequins heavy as dross ;
 Mild *Night* too, who long shone the sun of this
 shore,

But set in the fair Mrs. Ross *.

Old wives were at once to dull gen'ral's turn'd ;
 And *Tancred* in sorrowful strain,
 Wept PHILIP'S wrongs — and then instantly
 burn'd,

For Diana from lewd Drury-lane.

There was supper they said—we got nothing to
 eat ;

Here a fort, there a town, here St. Paul :

* Behold in character of *Night*,

All clad in dark array,

Fanny appears !—the thought how right !—

Fanny has had her *Day*.

But all cramm'd, as at *short allowance* of meat,
Gorging garrisons, gardens, and all.

By strange kitchen alchymy every dish

Seem'd transmuted for Epicure Mammon :

There was fishified flesh, and fleshified fish ;

A calf's head seem'd a fine jole of salmon.

When I thought I took one thing another I got ;

The French cook so well knew his trade,

That ev'ry thing look'd like what it was not,

And the dishes were all MASQUERADE.

There were none lost their wit, there were some
lost some sweat,

In short 'twas all Hebrew to me ;

So my anchor I trip'd, with my kind little Bet,

And paid Moll *with a top-sail* at sea.

PARODY ON CATO, Act II. Scene II.

On Occasion of the Middlesex Election in December,

1768, when the Candidates were John Glynn,

Esq; (who was elected) and Sir W. B. Proctor.

Enter MURPHY.

Murphy.

WILLIAM sends health to *John*.

John.

Could he send it

To my poor slaughter'd friends, it would be
welcome.

Are not your orders to insult the people ?

E 2

Murphy.

Murphy.

My business is with you, Sir : *William* sees
The straits to which he's driven ; but as he knows
Hibernian strength, is anxious for your life.

John.

My life is grafted on the public weal :
Wou'd he save *me*, Sir, bid him spare the county :
Tell your employer this, and tell him, *John*
Disdains a life which *he* has power to offer.

Murphy.

All Britain's ministers combine for *William* ;
Her much-lov'd patriot's to a prison doom'd,
Who late at *Brentford* robb'd him of his triumph.
Why will not *John*, then, be this *William's* friend?

John.

Those very reasons thou hast urged, forbid it.

Murphy.

My orders, Sir, are to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend :
Think on the bludgeons hov'ring o'er your head,
And threat'ning every hour to fall upon it :—
Still may you stand high in the county's favour,
Which will rejoice and cast it's eyes on you,
Against the next election

John.

Murphy, no more :

My soul disdains so base a compromise.

Murphy.

William is well acquainted with your virtues,
 And therefore sets this value on your life:
 Let him but have the honour of your friendship,
 And name your terms.

John.

Bid him disband his gangs, then
 Restore the county to it's liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgment of a *British* S—e—
 Bid him do this, and know me for his friend.

Murphy.

The county, Sir, talks loudly of your wisdom—

John.

May more;—tho' I wou'd never be employ'd
 To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes;
 Myself will mount the hustings in his favour,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Murphy.

A stile like this becomes a candidate,
 Who knows——

John.

——A stile like this becomes a *Briton*.

Murphy.

What is a *Briton*, that is *William's* foe?

John.

Greater than *William*;—he's a friend to virtue.

Murphy.

Consider, Sir, that you're at *Brentford* now,
 At the snug table of your little priest :
 You don't now thunder down at *Westminster*,
 With ev'ry patriot mouth to second you.

John.

Let him consider that who drove us hither ;
 His mob it was that made my friends disperse,
 And clear'd the hustings.—Alas ! thy dazzled eye
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which stars and titles only throw upon him :
 Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him
 black

With twice ten thousand complicated crimes,
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes ;
 But by the gods I swear, all *England's* honours
 Should never bribe me to be like that *William*.

Murphy.

Do you then send this answer back to *William*,
 For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friend
 ship ?

John.

His cares for me are insolent and vain :
 Presumptuous man ! the public are my friends.
 Wou'd *William* shew the greatness of his soul,

Bid him protect the widow and the orphan,
 Made wretched by the cursed rage of party ;
 And make good use of all his ruffian gangs,
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself :
 So shall the poll henceforward smoothly run,
 And honour end what murder has begun.

SCENE III.

FREEHOLDERS.

O *John* ! we thank thee.

The mighty genius of old *Albion's* isle
 Speaks in thy voice,—thy soul breathes liberty,
 The *Thane* will shrink to hear the words thou
 utter'st,
 And purge *Bareges'* waters, drank in vain.

M.

The MIDDLESEX ELECTION.

A BALLAD on the same Occasion.

To the Tune of "Chevy Chase."

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 And eke his subjects too ;
 And grant such deeds as now I sing
 We never more may rue.

In seventeen hundred sixty-eight,
 All on a summer's day,

Grim death did on our member wait,
And took him clean away.

O then a writ was issued *out*,
To chuse a member *in*,
And soon began a mighty rout,
For *Proctor* and for *Glynn*.

When as the day advanced nigh,
Each party did its best ;
And *Horne* (who scorns to tell a lie)
Turn'd P——r's cause to jest.

Some worthy wights, the Lord knows who,
Of *Irish* strength assur'd,
Provided many a gallant crew,
True men, I'll pawn my word.

Such crowds to Brentford town did hie,
As fill'd the place outright ;
While thousands knew not where to lie,
And so—sat up all night.

At length the fatal morning came,
O had it ne'er arriv'd !
For many a wight crawl'd home quite lame,
Full glad that he surviv'd.

Soon as the rising sun had clear'd
The gloomy shades of night,
All on the hustings they appear'd—
O 'twas a glorious fight !

With ribbon and with star bespread,
 (Given by the good old king)
 Sir W——m hung his languid head,
 And look'd—*like any thing*.

The serjeant held his head upright,
 For conscious still was he,
 That those who do the deed that's *right*,
 Have real cause for glee.

Mr. O'M——y too was there,
 Hight councillor at law—
 His bus'ness was to strut and stare,
 And *find or make a flaw*.

Count Gambler look'd as who should *say*,
 " I'll bet ye fix to one
 " That Beauchamp Proctor gets the *day*,"
 —" I take *it*, damme."—" Done."

Whilst bustling still from place to place,
 Old *Brentford's* priest was seen,
 Who for this meal said many a grace,
 And fervent pray'r, I ween.

And still to heighten all they could
 This mighty gallant show,
 Close by the hustings numbers stood,
 Like—*Soldiers all a-row*.

The clock told two, up flew the hat,
 (A signal for each wounder)

And

With

And soon the freeholders lay *flat*
As ever lay a flounder.

Then eyes and skulls, and arms and legs,
 Were darken'd, fractur'd, broke ;
 And those who could not keep their pegs,
 Fell down—to mend the joke.

And many a ribbon flew about,
 For *favours* then were common,
 And hundreds of the rabble rout
 Were dizen'd out like yeomen.

What they did more, let other bards
 In other guise declare ;
 For, truth to say, they play'd their cards,
 To make all England stare.

Now God preserve our noble king,
 And grant henceforth, for aye,
 No future poet e'er may sing
 The deeds of such a day !

*On the Investiture of Cardinal De Bernis, with a
 Blue Ribbon at Versailles.*

THE exaltation of de Bernis, who was naturally of a very amorous constitution, and seemed to have no other recommendation than his person, and art to please the fair sex, provoked the nobility

nobility and gentry beyond all moderation: so that when he was invested with the order of the Holy Ghost, in the chapel of Versailles, there was, during the ceremony, a scroll of paper thrown out of the gallery among the knights, on which was wrote a French parody, on the hymn called *Veni Creator*, and is thus translated:

Thou holy spirit, power divine,
Do thou for France's glory deign
On this new minister to shine,
And lighten up his clouded brain.

Of twelve unlearn'd thou heretofore
Didst raise up miracles to thee;
Renew those miracles once more,
By giving sense to poor Bernis.

His bosom with thy flames possess;
On him the love of heaven pour,
That he may kiss the ladies less,
And least of all—La Pompadour.

Bernis invested with the rank of a minister, and decked out with a blue ribbon, could not, doubtless, but appear, more agreeable in the eyes of his protectress; and she, never easy, day and night, out of his company, looked upon his athletic constitution, and consummate knowledge in the art of love, to be such superior talents, as made him extremely capable of unravelling the most knotty,
and

and conducting the most arduous affairs of state; imagining with great reason, that in the course of an administration, which she alone had put into his hands, he would certainly take no step without first consulting her.

E P I G R A M.

O B U T E! if, instead of contempt, and of odium,
 You'd wish to obtain universal elogium,
 From your breast to your gullet transfer the blue string,
 Our hearts are all your's at the very first swing.

The following curious Paper was published in one of the public Prints in March, 1763, and is supposed to be wrote by an Alderman of London.

To the EDITOR.

— *Cretâ an carbone notandi* HOR.

T H E following columns contain nothing more than two separate lists of the celebrated personages, who have at any time been honoured with abuse by the *Auditor* or *North-Briton*. These lists, I know, must necessarily be imperfect, because they are taken down merely upon memory; and because such keen satirists cannot so grossly have mispent their time, as to have

have lashed so few people; yet I have been the less curious to render these lists compleat, because I know that the writers in question are such stirring spirits, that they will each be continually swelling their several catalogues, for which reason I have contented myself with leaving certain vacant spaces, for the insertion of such names already distinguished as I must without doubt, have omitted, or to be filled up, as time shall serve, and the Auditor or North-Briton shall hereafter please to direct.

Let us, however, do justice to the candour, as well as acrimony, of our political writers. They deal in panegyrick, as well as satire. If they throw dirt with the scavenger's shovel, they also lay on praise with a trowel. Every modern controversial writer in politicks sits down with encomium on the right and obloquy on the left, like Jupiter between the tubs of good and evil; or, to lower my simile, like brother PAMPHLET in the *Upholsterer*, with white-wash in one hand and black-ball in the other. All their characters, or rather caricatures, may be considered as the rough draughts of the masters in the modern school of crayons, who sometimes draw in chalk, but most commonly in charcoal. It was my first intention to have given both the chalk and charcoal portraits of each of the great masters in question;

question ; but I soon reflected that I might save that trouble by desiring your readers to take it for a general rule, that such as are blackened in the North Briton, are, by act of grace, *white-washed* in the Auditor, and so *vice versa*. Every great character, like a post or a wainscot, is destined to be painted in different colours, at least twice over ; and in this various light we may at pleasure consider the two following columns either as the two principal pillars of the temple of slander, or the two tables in the temple of fame. As we are now however in the very middle of Lent, I would have the noble lords and gentlemen, whose names appear in these lists, to regard the perusal of them as an act of humiliation and mortification ; I advise them to remember that they have been *told their own* by the great writers under whose awful names they are here arranged.

It must be premised, as our fixed opinion, that *the Auditor* is by far the most respectable character, and the most polite writer of the two. The North Briton sounded the *nether trump of fame* at the very first onset, and furiously charged the Scots and the ministry at once. The Auditor set out with professions of moderation and impartiality. He did not seek for defamation, but *it lay in his way, and he found it*.

He

He has indeed been as scurrilous as his neighbours, yet has he had the grace to inveigh against scurrility; which shews that he hath the *milk of human kindness* in his nature, though perhaps that milk may, by too long keeping, have turned sour in his breast. Mark his candid declarations in his first number! "The malevolent are not to expect to be gratified with *slander*, the illiberal with *scurrility*, or the inconsiderate with *buffoonery*. Ingredients like these can have no admission into a paper, which is undertaken upon principles laudable in themselves; which is intended to reconcile the minds of men to their own good, and to one another; to refute or laugh out of countenance all party distinctions; to extinguish national prejudices, and to recommend that spirit of concord, which alone can make us a successful and preserve us an happy people. In short it is *intended* in the conduct of this plan, to try whether it is not possible to talk *politics*, with temper; to delineate characters with *decency*; to treat of factions with *good humour*; and to love our country, without hating individuals." Here are mild words; and yet in the second number he serves up no less than six or seven individuals, some of them no inconsiderable personages either; and yet even this trifling inconsistency may

may be accounted for, if we recollect that the auditor himself begins his ninth number with this reflection : “ It is a curse entailed upon the re-
 “ tainers to despairing faction, that they are not
 “ only *miserable men* and *wretched writers*, but
 “ they must be *lyars* into the bargain ; they
 “ must *forge crimes* to affright the people, they
 “ must scatter abroad the words of prevarication,
 “ &c.”

A U D I T O R.

Duke of Cumberland
 Duke of Newcastle
 Duke of Devonshire

NORTH-BRITON.

P. D. of W.
 Duke of Bedford

Earl Temple

Earl of Bute
 Earl of Loudon
 Earl of Litchfield
 Earl of Talbot
 Earl of Talbot's *Horse*
 Lord Mansfield
 Lord Eglington

Lord Barrington

Rt. Hon. Mr. Pitt
 Rt. Hon. Mr. Legge
 Lord Mayor of London
 Sir James Hodges, Knt.
*Town Clerk of the City
 of London*

Rt. Hon. Mr. Fox
 Rt. Hon. Mr. G. Grenville
 Rt. Hon. Mr. Rigby
 Hon. Horace Walpole

A U D I T O R.

AUDITOR.

The King of Prussia
 Author of the Address
 to the Cocoa-Tree

Thomas Nuthall, Attor-
 ney

Mr. Beardmore, ditto

Charles Churchill

Charles Say

Charles Macklin, *alias*

Mac-lochlin

Dr. Shebbeare

John Wilkes

David Garrick

NORTH-BRITON.

Sir John Philips, Bart.

Sir Francis Dashwood,
 Bart.

Samuel Touchet

Samuel Martin

Samuel Johnson

John Home

David Mallet, *alias*

Malloch

Arthur Murphy

Dr. Burton

William Hogarth

The Toast Master at The Poet-Laureat
 Guildford

Col. Lamb,

Fishmonger

Capt. Lamb,

Auctioneer

} Officers
 in the
 Militia.

Mr. Hoyle

Mr. Pond

Mr. Arthur

Counsellor Jones

F

AUDITOR.

AUDITOR.	NORTH-BRITON.
The Monitor	The Briton
The Whigs	The Tories
The Minority	The Majority
	Against
War	Peace

The above lists not only shew, who have been the butts of satire to each writer, but may also, with due attention to the turnings and windings in the court calendar, serve as unerring guide-posts to point out such as seem to be in the high road to abuse from either paper. Being made acquainted with the colour of the heroes of both parties, we know that if a great officer of the court should be turned out, or, to use the more courtly phrase, *resign*, the Auditor will immediately tear out the white leaf wherein he so lately sang his praises, and, like another *Peachum*, set his name down in his *black book*, and call on him to exercise the full powers of the christian virtue of *resignation*. We know too, that if a noble member of one house should call forth an able commoner to lead the business of the other, the North Briton will immediately open his deep mouth on that leader, and *maul* a manager with as great alacrity as Mr. Fitzpatrick.

patrick. But as rules and precepts are never clearly enforced, unless illustrated by example, I will submit a small *peep into futurity* to your readers; and as I have, in some places above, rather made extraordinary distinctions in favour of the Auditor, I shall here pay my particular compliments to the North Briton. We have already seen whom that writer has *abused* (craving his pardon for the grossness of the expression); and the Auditor's list of scandal (craving his pardon also) is a pretty exact catalogue of those whom the North Briton has *praised*. I shall now therefore, take upon me to predict, with as much sagacity as Partridge or even Bickerstaff, whom he *will praise*, whom he *will abuse*, and whom he *may possibly* praise or abuse: and for the fulfilling these my predictions I refer to time, or even appeal to the *second sight* of the North Briton himself. Some that are turned out, I know he will take every opportunity to *praise*, and that class I shall distinguish by *Chalk*; some that are put in, I know he cannot resist the temptation of abusing, and that class I shall distinguish by *CHARCOAL*. But there are another class, of a dubious, indeterminate *twilight* character, whose conduct will not suffer us to speak precisely of the *colour* of their intentions; a kind of heterogeneous or amphibious animals, hermaphrodites or otters in poli-

ticks, neither *in* nor *out*, *pro* or *con*, *court* nor *country*, *whig* nor *tory*, *Scot* nor *English*; who are, like Sir Anthony Branville, *in a state of fluctuation*, and hang like Mahomet's coffin, in suspense; who seem ready to veer and turn, like approved weather-cocks, with every gust of politics; who stand, between *ay* and *no*, like the ass of the schoolmen between two bundles of hay; or, like prince Volscius in love,—hip hop, hip hop, one boot on, the other boot off. These statesmen of the neuter gender we can place in neither list, and yet they seem to bid fair for a place in both. Where then can we station these lovers of *the golden mean*, but in the middle? In the middle, therefore, upon stilts between both, one foot on one list, the other foot on the other list, I have placed one right honourable gentleman, as the grand archetype of political scepticism. Far be it from me to arraign such commendable prudence and moderation! But as the North Briton is not such an admirer of impartiality, I have reason to think, that he will not long permit this gentleman to remain in a state of indifferency; he will not be contented to say of him *ALBUS an ATER hotta sit, nescio*; but having once brought himself to imagine, that he has discovered the gentleman's *bias*, he will soon be induced to favour us with a portrait

a portrait of so distinguished a personage either in
chalk or in charcoal.

—A PEEP into FUTURITY.—

From the NORTH-BRITON.

CHALK. CHARCOAL.

The Right Hon. Charles Townshend.



Duke of Grafton

Duke of Portland

Thomas Prowse, Esq;

Edward Popham, Esq;

Ld Mayor of London

Earl of Powis

Lord Grosvenor

Lord Strange

Sir Arm. Wodehouse

Sir Cha. Mordaunt

Welbore Ellis

James Oswald

Bamber Gascoyne

Paul Whitehead.

*Written Extempore by a young Gentleman, from a
Morning View on a Mountain in the South of
Wales, a few Weeks since.*

I.

HOW awful the morning breaks over yon
hill,

Not a whisper is heard on the plain,
Save the murmuring sweetness of yonder clear rill,
By the mountains re-ecchoed again.

II.

See Phoebus, how rosy he opens the day ;
See his beams how they sport in the stream ;
Observe how contented that hind takes his way,
And tackles his beasts to the team.

III.

From his straw-cover'd cot, just rose for the day,
See contentment and health in his face ;
The smiles of those bantlings his labours repay,
The effects of a wholesome embrace.

IV.

What a crowd of sweet pratlers ! how healthy
they look !

Yet their tann'd little buffs are all seen ;
Observe how they wantonly paddle in the brook,
And race till they dry on the green.

V.

Had I on the side of yon mountain a cot,
 With a moderate competence blest,
 I'd take a good wife, thank Heaven for my lot,
 And consider the world as a jest.

*The following is an explanatory Note of a Passage
 in Mr. Churchill's Candidate, never before
 printed, where he speaks of Medmenham-Abbey.*

—" Whilst womanhood, in habit of a nun,
 " At Medmenham lies, by *backward* monks undone,
 " A nation's reckoning, like an alehouse score,
 " Whilst *Paul* the aged chalks behind the door,
 " Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
 " D—— shall pour, from a communion cup,
 " Libations to the goddesses without eyes,
 " And hob or nob in cyder or excise."

MEdmenham, or as it is pronounced Mednam-
 Abbey, is a very large house on the banks of
 the Thames, near Marlow in Buckinghamshire. It
 was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks. The
 situation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging
 woods, soft meadows, a chrystal stream, and a
 grove of venerable old elms near the house, with
 the retiredness of the mansion itself, made it as
 sweet a retreat, as the most poetical imagination

could create. Sir F—— D——, Sir T——, S——, P——l W——d, Mr. Wilkes, and other gentlemen to the number of twelve, rented the abbey, and often retired there in the summer. Among other amusements, they had sometimes a mock celebration of the more ridiculous rites of the foreign religious orders among the Roman Catholics; of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from the founder, Sir F—— D——. *Paul*, the aged, was secretary and steward to the order. Mr. Wilkes had not been at the abbey for many months before the publication of this poem in 1764.

No prophane eye has dared to penetrate into the English Eleusinian mysteries of the *Chapter-Room*, where the monks assembled on all solemn occasions, the more secret rites were performed, and libations poured forth in much pomp to the *Bona Dea*. I shall only venture to relate what many mortal eyes have seen, and *sit mihi fas audita loqui*.

Over the grand entrance was the famous inscription on Rabelais's Abbey of THELEME, *Fay ce que voudras*. At the end of the passage over the door was, *Aude, hospes, contemnere opes*. At one end of the refectory was, Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, at the other, the goddess

deſs Angerona, that the ſame duty might be enjoined to both ſexes.

The garden, the grove, the orchard, the neighbouring woods, all ſpoke the loves and frailties of the younger monks, who ſeemed at leaſt to have ſinned naturally. You ſaw in one place—*Ici pâma de joie des mortels le plus heureux.*—In another very imperfectly—*Mourut un amant ſur le ſein de ſa dame.*—In a third—*En cet endroit mille baiſers de flamme furent donnés, & mille autres rendus.* Againſt a fine old oak was

Hic ſatyrum naias victorem victa ſubegit.

At the entrance of a cave was the Venus, ſtooping to pull a thorn out of her foot. The ſtatue turned from you, and juſt over the two nether hills of ſnow, were theſe lines of Virgil,

Hic locus eſt, partes ubi ſe via findit in ambas :

Hac iter Elyzium nobis : at læva malorum

Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.

On the inſide of the cave over a moſſy couch, was the following exhortation.

Ite, agite, O juvenes ; pariter ſudate medullis

Omnibus inter vos ; non murmura veſtra columbæ.

Brachia non hederæ, non vincant oscula conchæ.

The favourite doctrine of the abbey is certainly not penitence ; for in the center of the orchard

was a grotesque figure, and in his hand a reed
STOOD *flaming, tipt with fire*, to use Milton's ex-
pression, and you might trace out

P E N I T E N T O

non

P E N I T E N T I.

On the pedestal was a whimsical representation of
Trophonius's cave, from whence all creatures
were said to come out melancholy. Among that
strange, dismal group, you might however re-
mark a *cock* crowing and a Carmelite laughing.
The words *Gallum gallinaceum et sacerdotem gra-
tis* were only legible *.

Near the abbey was a small, neat temple,
erected to Cloacine, with the inscription, *This
chapel of ease was founded in the year 1760.* Fa-
cing the entrance in the inside,

*Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*

The curious and entertaining description of West
Wycombe church, published in the first part of
the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, page 42,
will enable the reader to give a shrewd guess at
the *goddess without eyes*, to whom Sir F.—

* Omne animal post coitum triste est, præter gallum gallina-
ceum, et sacerdotem gratis fornicantem.

D—— not only poured libations from a communion-cup, but actually built a temple in his gardens at West Wycombe.

*The five following Pieces are said to be written by
Mr. W—s.*

The TEMPLE of the MUSES.

To the Countess's TEMPLE.

THE muses and graces to Phœbus complain'd ;

“ That no more on the earth a Sappho remain'd,

“ That their empire of wit was now at an end,

“ And on beauty alone the sex must depend ;

“ To the men he had giv'n all his fancy and fire ;

“ Art of healing to Armstrong, as well as his

“ lyre.”

When Apollo reply'd ; “ To make you amends,

“ In one fair you shall see wit and virtue good

“ friends ;

“ The Grecian's high spirit and sweetness I'll join

“ With a true Roman virtue, to make it divine :

“ Your pride and my boast, thus form'd would

“ you know,

“ You must visit the earthly elyzium of Stow.”

To a Lady, who sung in too low a Voice.

WHEN beauteous Laura's gentle voice
Divides the yielding air,
Fix'd on her lips, the fault'ring sounds
Excess of joy declare.

There ling'ring round the rosy gate,
They view their fragrant cell,
Unwilling to depart that mouth,
Where all the graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents strike the sense
With soft imperfect sound,
While thousand others die within,
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet thro' this cloud, distinct and clear,
Sweet sense directs its dart ;
And while it seems to shun the ear,
Strikes full upon the heart.

To LAURA on New Year's Day.

REVOLVING years add, Laura, to your
charms,

And bolder throbs my pulse to love's alarms ;
Yet shall those heavenly charms at last decay,
And this my sprightly pulse forget to play :
Then wisely let me all my hours employ ;
Too swift they fly, but be they wing'd with joy.

May

May wit and beauty their blest pow'rs unite,
 Wit rule the day, and beauty rule the night;
 The pleasing chace may I thro' life pursue,
 All day with *Daphnis*, and all night with *you*.

To Miss W — on her Birth-Day, August 16, 1767. written

Wrote in France.

A GAIN I tune the vocal lay
 On dear Maria's natal day;
 This happy day I'll not deplore
 My exile from my native shore;
 No tear of mine to-day shall flow
 For injur'd England's cruel woe;
 For impious wounds to freedom given,
 The first most sacred gift of heaven.
 The muse with joy shall prune her wing,
 Maria's ripen'd graces sing,
 And at seventeen, with truth shall own,
 The bud of beauty's fairly blown:
 Softness and sweetest innocence
 Here shed their gentle influence;
 Fair modesty comes in their train
 To grace her sister virtue's reign;
 Then to give spirit, taste, and ease,
 The sov'reign art, the art to please,
 Good humour'd wit, and fancy gay,
 To-morrow chearful as to-day,

The

The sun-shine of a mind serene,
 Where all is peace within, are seen.
 What can the grateful muse ask more?
 The gods have lavish'd all their store,
 Maria shines their darling care,
 Still keep her heaven from every snare;
 May still unspotted be her fame,
 May she remain thro' life the same,
 Unchang'd in all—except in name.

*To Miss W— on her Birth-Day. August 16,
 1768. Wrote in Prison.*

HOW shall the muse in prison sing!
 How prune her drooping ruff'd wing!
 Maria is the potent spell
 Ev'n in these walls all grief to quell,
 To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
 And wake to notes of joy the lyre,
 The tribute verse again to pay,
 On this auspicious festive day.
 When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
 And exil'd from my native land,
 Maria was my sure relief,
 Her presence banish'd every grief;
 Pleasure came smiling in her train,
 And chas'd the family of pain.

Let

Let lovers every charm admire,
 The easy shape, the heav'nly fire
 That from those modest-beaming eyes,
 The captive heart at once surprize;
 A father's is another part,
 I praise the virtues of the heart;
 And wit so elegant and free,
 Attemper'd sweet with modesty;
 Yet may kind heaven a lover send,
 Of sense, of honour, and a friend;
 Those virtues always to protect,
 Those beauties—never to neglect.

A Copy of V E R S E S.

*By the Right Honourable the Earl of CARLISLE,
 on his Schoolfellows at Eton.*

IN youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
 Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man;
 This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,
 Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine!
 If not to careless indolence a prey,
 How will whole nations listen to his lay!

Say, will Fitzwilliams ever want a heart
 Cheerful, his ready blessings to impart?
 Will not another's woe his bosom share,
 The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer?

Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
 Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye?
 Who feeds the hungry? who assists the lame?
 All, all, re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.
 Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee,
 No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
 Shall e'er ill nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh;
 Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
 Disdainful anger, or corroding care;
 Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
 Disturb that heart, so free from every guile:
 Sooner to Bute shall Temple bend his knee,
 And * or ** pious christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,
 Shake the loud Senate, animate the hearts
 Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
 Both peers and commons listening your command;
 While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
 His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:
 What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
 In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
 Legge shines serenest 'midst your youthful train;
 He whom the search of Fame with rapture moves,
 Disdains the pedant, tho' the muse he loves;
 By nature form'd with modesty to please,
 And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will

Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,
 Revoke his promise, or betray his trust ?
 What tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
 The ecchoing horn, the sportman's hearty cheer,
 Than god-like Homer's elevated song ;
 Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong,
 Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
 A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness, ye Naiads, and ye guardian powers,
 Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers ;
 Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow,
 Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
 Well natur'd Stavordale—the task is thine
 Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine :
 Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
 Studious the depth of Plato to explore ?
 To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
 Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say ?
 The god of mirth shall list thee in his train,
 A cheerful vot'ry, and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
 When every look bespeaks the inward boy ;
 Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
 And all the man appears in him confest ;
 In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
 Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

To the Earl of CARLISLE, on the preceding
P O E M.

MY lord, your verses, penn'd with so much
ease,

The fair, the young, and ev'n the critics please;
Such solid sense, and grace, and judgment meet,
We add the epithet of Strong to Sweet.

That some are peers by stars and strings we find;
You, by intrinsic nobleness of mind;

Fair Fancy's manly strokes your lines adorn;

We truly may pronounce you, poet born:

And if in youth your genius we may scan,

How will it glow, and brighten in the man!

True sings the bard, that one well-natur'd deed,
Does all desert in sciences exceed:

And if, my lord, from what you write, we guess,
Yourself those virtues, which you paint, possess:

The sense of St. John, Fox, and Legge's your due,

The sweetness of unblameable Buccleugh;

Ophaly's honour, Stavordale's desert,

Storer's good-nature, and Fitzwilliam's heart.

An EPITAPH on the late Right Hon. Thomas
Winnington, Esq. *By Sir Charles Hanbury*
Williams.

NEAR his paternal seat, here buried lies,
The grave, the gay, the witty, and the
wife.

Form'd for all parts, in all alike he shin'd,
 Variously great ! a genius unconfin'd !
 In converse bright, judicious in debate,
 In private amiable, and in public great :
 With all the statesman's knowledge, prudence, art,
 With friendship's open, undesigning heart.
 The friend and heir here join their duty : One
 Erects the busto, one inscribes the stone.
 Not that they hope from these his fame should live,
 That claims a longer date than they can give ;
 False to their trusts, the mould'ring busts decay,
 And, soon effac'd, inscriptions wear away :
 But English annals shall their place supply ;
 And, while they live, his name can never die.

The GRAND CATHOLICON:

Being a genuine Family Receipt. Written in 1753.

TO form a minister, the ingredients
 Are, a head fruitful of expedients,
 Each suited to the present minute
 (No harm if nothing else be in it) :
 The mind, though much perplex'd and harrafs'd,
 The count'nance must be unembarrass'd :
 High promises for all occasions :
 A set of treasons, plots, invasions :
 Bullies, to ward off each disaster :
 Much impudence to brave his master :

The talents of a treaty-maker ;
 The sole disposal of th' exchequer :
 Of right and wrong no real feeling ;
 Yet in the names of both much dealing.
 In short, this man must be a mixture
 Of broker, sycophant, and trickster ;
 Who well can pack his cards, and tell 'em,
 And knows as much as Mr. Pelham.

On HEALTH. By the late Lord HERVEY.

THO' life itself's not worth a thought,
 Yet, whilst I live, could health be bought ;
 Whate'er brib'd senators receive,
 Or back again in taxes give ;
 Whatever force or fraud obtains,
 What Prussia from Silesia gains,
 Or Hanover from England drains ;
 Whate'er the Austrian wars have cost,
 Or Hung'ry's queen disburs'd or lost ;
 What France has paid to shape her crown,
 Or we, like fools, to keep it on ;
 All that the Indies have supply'd
 To beggar'd Spain, to feed the pride
 Of that Italian fury-dame,
 Who keeps all Europe in a flame,
 For her two brats, those princely things,
 Whom God made fools, and she'd make kings :

In short, to sum up all, whate'er
 Or pride, or avarice, makes its care,
 Did I possess it, I'd resign,
 To make this richer treasure mine.

On a late INCIDENT*.

*Jam satis Terris Nivis atque dira
 Grandinis misit Pater.*

HOR.

THREE eminent men of the law
 Lately travell'd on Sunday together,
 Thro' roads that were cover'd with snow,
 Not regarding the day or the weather :

At length they got into a pit
 (How dismal the tale to be told !)
 Where they and their horses——*to wit*,
 Had like to have perish'd with cold.

Tho' they often before, none can doubt,
 Had waded thro' thick and thro' thin,

* *These lines were written on seeing the following article in the public prints :*

York, Jan. 20, 1767. We hear they have a prodigious quantity of snow upon the Wolds; and that on Sunday the 11th instant, as three gentlemen, eminent in the profession of the law, were travelling from Pocklington to Hugget, they all three stuck fast in a snow-drift together, from which they were extricated with great difficulty.

Yet the more now they try'd to get out,
The deeper, alas ! they sunk in.

O fortune ! now lend 'em thine aid,
Or how can'st thou answer thy charge ?
Thou hast Coke upon Littleton laid,
And pull'd down the *Statutes at large*,
The goddess was moved with their cries,
And determin'd to save all their lives ;
Then quick to their succour she flies,
To the joy of their clients and wives.

Ye lawyers, remember their doom,
And be warn'd at the fall of these men ;
I hope you will never presume
To travel on Sundays again.

G. W—L—Y.

*A Motto for the Hon. Charles Yorke, an orator
of the long Robe—Spero meliora.*

A Noble ambition this motto reveals.
It tells you—the orator hopes for the seals !

BON MOT of a certain witty LORD.

HIS Lordship being informed, that a lady,
lately divorced, would probably be married to
the E. of *upper O—y*, said it is time she was *upper*
O—y, for she had been *under O—y* long enough.

A CON.

Snefton

A CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the Duke of G—² a proper person to be Chancellor of Cambridge?

*Because he loves—*PARSONS.

(Nancy)

The SCHOOL of RHETORICK.

NEAR London Bridge once stood a gate,
Belinus gave it name,

Whence the green *Nereids* oysters bring,

A place of public fame.

Here *Eloquence* has fixt her seat ;

The nymphs here learn by heart

In *mode* and *figure* still to speak

By modern rules of art.

To each fair *oratrix* this school

Its *rhet'ric* strong affords ;

They double and redouble tropes

With finger, fist, and words.

Both *nerves* and *strength*, and *flow of speech*

With beauties ever new,

Adorn the language of these nymphs,

Who give to all their *due*.

O happy seat of happy nymphs !

For many ages known :

To thee each *rostrum*'s forc'd to yield,
Each *forum* in the town.

Let other *academics* boast

What *titles* else they please :

Thou shalt be call'd *the Gate of Tongues*,
Of tongues that never cease.

T. P.

*On a Gentleman who mistook a Kept Mistress for a
Lady of Fashion.*

SIX tedious months young *Damon* sigh'd,
In vain his am'rous tale ;
He su'd, implor'd, *Chlo* still deny'd,
No efforts could prevail.

At length he try'd the pow'r of gold—
She soon to chide forgot ;
The fair-one was no longer cold,
But prov'd—*alas ! too hot.*

VERSES *address'd to some Ladies of Hampstead.*

CONSTANT gamesters ! every day,
Ev'ry night, employ'd at play,
Squandring wealth and time away ;
Never happy but at cards,
You shall meet with just rewards,
(For neglect of family,
Trusted to a servant's eye,

And

And domestick bus'ness, care
 Of each valuable fair.)
 Bane of quiet, peace and joy,
 Every comfort you destroy,
 Whilst your thinking friends bemoan,
 Waste and riot left at home :
 Childrens ruin, husbands curse,
 Prelude to an empty purse ;
 No man leaves to such a wife
 More than bare support for life :
 Have recourse to common sense,
 Reform, or take the consequence.

On the Run of ROMEO and JULIET.

WELL—what to night ? says angry Ned,
 As up from bed he rouses :
 Romeo again !—and shakes his head,
Ah ! pox on both your houses.

Notes on Mr. Churchill's Fragment of a Dedic-
ation to the B—— of G——.

In the Manner of Mr. WILKES.

THERE is nothing in the poet's works more
 highly finished than this fragment. A most
 happy vein of irony runs through the whole, and the
 grave Cervantes mask of humour never once falls
 off.

off. Tho' we have only a part of what was intended, yet the episcopal hero shines so much in the different lights of a pious prelate, a profound critic, an exemplary clergyman, and a meek divine, that we are at a loss which we ought the most to admire.

The benevolence of the bishop only remains unsung: I mean, his benevolence to man. As to the other due benevolence of which St. Paul speaks, it ought in strictness to be considered as a part of justice, or family duty to good Mrs. W——. I need not tell so great a scholar as her husband, that Horace calls it *uxorius amnis*. I will only add my wishes, in the words of this dedication, that, as the bishop and his wife are most uniformly join'd, it may continue *regularly flowing from that wholesome source his——mind*.

I ask no favour, not one note I crave,

In the Candidate he says,

Nor foul-gall'd *bishop* damn me with a note.

- - - - - My mortal journey done,

The last act of his life was an act of humanity and friendship. Mr. Wilkes under the despotick administration of the Thane's deputies had the honour

of being an exile. Mr. Churchill came to France on a visit to a friend, and died of a miliary fever at Boulogne on the 4th of November, 1764. The goodness of his heart and the firmness of his philosophy were in full lustre during the whole time of a very severe illness, nor were the amazing faculties of his mind in the least impaired till a few moments before his death.

An inscription, in the close stile of the antients, engraven on a sepulchral urn of alabaster, gives us his true character, as a friend, a poet, and a patriot.

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
Amico jucundo,
Poetæ acri,
Civi optimè de patria merito,
P.
Johannes Wilkes, 1765.

In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe.

The reverend emissary of lord H——, who, waited on the poet soon after the advertisement of Ayliffe's Ghost by C. Churchill, can best explain this passage. The untimely death of the author deprived us of that elegy; but his lordship was convinced

convinced at last, that every man has NOT his price.

Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share.

The irony here is best explained by a passage in the duellist,

No husband, tho' he's truly wed ;
 Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
 No father :——

——By mistaken kings
 Titles are oft misplac'd.

The same spirit of discernment, and attention to reward all true merit, which advanced the immaculate —— to be secretary of state, and the brave —— to be steward of the household, gave Mr. —— the peerage. An universal odium had long pursued his name. Many breaches of private faith had left him not the least share of confidence with any friend ; and repeated violations of public trust had ruined him in the opinion of mankind, when it pleased —— the —— to sign a patent, commanding us always to call him the right honourable lord ——.

Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
 Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush lie.

I never could form an adequate idea of what Virgil calls the *latus oculis honores*, the *lumen purpureum*, till I was blessed with a sight of W—— W——, lord b—— of G——. His fine eye carries us even beyond what a Pagan poet could possibly conceive, for it beams forth all the meakness and forbearance, all the mildness and benevolence of that gospel which is engraven on his heart. The beauty and symmetry of features in his face are indeed admirable, but beauty and symmetry are by no means confined to his face. His whole figure excells the most perfect Grecian forms, and in my opinion is a superior composition to the Belvidere Apollo. The harmony of the soul too seems exactly answerable to that of the body. Among all the arts of ancient Egypt, which the b—— so much admires, I most regret that the art of embalming in a manner to preserve every the minutest feature, is now totally lost. The W—— set of features might otherwise have convinced our children's children, that the most heavenly fire of the eye, and true dignity of aspect, may be tempered with grace and sweetness. Our posterity in that case would have exclaimed as we do now; *how meek, how gentle, how forbearing, was this primitive christian?*

Oh! what a grace is seated on that brow!

This

This loss is the more to be lamented, because the heir to his fortunes is unhappily not the heir to his graces. It is generally allowed, that the boy does not in the least resemble him, but seems to be of quite another mould, or *Potter's* earth.

After the b—— of G——, though at a great distance, comes F—— lord H——d, most happy in that kind of look, which steals the heart at first glance, though the soul still sits at squat, and peeps not from it's hole.

If I was forced to name a third human face divine, after all beauty and harmony have been nearly exhausted by the other two, it should be that of Mr. M——. I do not however insist upon this, because I know good judges differ as to him; and Mr. Quin once, pointing to M——, whispered a friend; *Sir, if that fellow is not a villain, God Almighty does not write a legible hand.*

Those sheep, which never heard their shepherd's voice,

Which did not know, yet wou'd not learn the way;
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I
shou'd stray;

Instead of the two last lines, these were in the first MSS.

Which

Which accents of rebuke could never bear,
Nor would have heeded Christ, had Christ been
there.

Much did I wish, tho' little cou'd I hope
A friend in him, who was the friend of Pope.

I shall give only one instance of the b——'s
friendship for Mr. Pope. The judicious public
applied to the duke of Chandos the character of
Timon, in Pope's poetical epistle to the earl of Bur-
lington. Mr. Pope denied that he meant any allu-
sion to his grace, and published a formal justi-
fication of himself in a prose letter to the same
earl. He says, "a report, which, in regard to that
" noble person, was impertinent; in regard to me,
" villainous——his humanity feels a concern for
" the injury done to me"——Warburton's edition,
vol. VIII. p. 194. This injury is however done him
after his death, and this villainy is charged on
him, by his friend, the b——p. After these lines,

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land,
follows this note : " Had the poet lived but three
" years longer, he had seen this *prophecy* ful-
" filled,"

“ filled,” vol. III. p. 288. This can only allude to the present state of Cannons, the duke of Chandos’s seat near Edgware.

Are these a christian b——’s ideas of friendship? The total disregard of truth, which Pope has shewn on this occasion, admits of no apology; but it ill became a friend to prove to the world, that the poet had solemnly asserted a falsehood. The four lines are, we are told, a *prophecy* of the fate of Cannons; and we receive this information from a man, who is appointed by the author himself, to explain and illustrate his works. The character of *Timon* is in every part that of the duke of Chandos, except a trifling circumstance or two purposely disguised. The veil Pope used was too thin and flimsy. Even in his defence we see his guilt. He says, “ I had no great cause to wonder, that a
“ character belonging to twenty should be applied
“ to one; since, by that means, nineteen would
“ escape the ridicule.” Is not this a plain confession, that the character was applicable to the duke, since it belonged to all the twenty? A man, who makes free with truth, will generally, sooner or later, be detected. The public at the very time despised the meanness of the poet, and will now equally condemn the baseness of such a friend.

Pope

Pope however deserved only such a friend, as this W——, from his treachery and breach of faith to Lord Bolingbroke in regard to the Letters on the Idea of a Patriot King. His three most remarkable friends were Swift, Bolingbroke, and in the decline of life, the B—— of G——. W—— has taken much pains to prove that the two former, though men of genius, were very worthless characters, but has only inadvertently shewn that the last is the most worthless of the three, without being a man of genius.

The b—— has remarked, that the most sacred of all private ties are friendship and gratitude. The force of his friendship we have seen in respect to Mr. Pope. The strength of gratitude Mr. Pitt found in his bishop to equal what the Duke of Newcastle experienced in the greatest part of the bench, very apt, in their own phrase, to forget their master.

Might like himself teach his adopted son.

'Gainst all the world to quote a W——.

The poet does not mean his adopted son, master W——, but the sense is, he might teach me as an adopted son, &c.

Mr. Edwards in the Canons of Criticism has given us several instances from the notes on Shake-

H

speare,

speare, that the b—— has adhered to W——
against all the world. I shall add only one from
the commentator on Pope.

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert ;
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart.

The note is, "These words are *another* instance of
"the malignity of the public judgment. The poet
"thought, and not without reason, that they con-
"veyed a very high idea of the worthy person to
"whom they are applied ; to be decent (or to be-
"come every station of life in which a man is
"placed) being the noblest encomium on his wis-
"dom and virtue." Pope, Warburton's edition, vol.
4. p. 323. To be barely decent is however very
penurious praise, and in this passage is almost an
insult ; for it is remarkable, that Secker's being
only decent, is followed, or rather contrasted,
with the high compliment to Rundle of having a
heart. The true meaning is evident from another
passage of this very author,

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Vol. 3. p. 205.

The poet must have enjoyed to a high degree his
taste for ridicule with a pedant, who believed that
he was complimenting when he was sneering.

The

The b—— of Oxford did not at that time thank Pope for the praise of being barely decent; and after all, decency is too often like gravity, a mere outward form to conceal some inward defects of the mind.

I may now ask whether those words, or, as the b—— ought to have said, the remarks on those words, are an instance of the malignity of the public judgment, or of the folly of one private judgment.

The other instance of the malignity of the public judgment, to which the b—— alludes, is the censure which he says has been passed on the following lines,

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

I must confess that I never heard these lines censured. I have heard them commended. The public indeed passed a slight reproof on an alteration made by Pope in the first line, at Mr. Allen's desire. The b—— has not noticed it among the variations. In the old edition it stood, *Let low born Allen*, which agreed better with the *awkward shame*. The epithet humble, by no means suited the man, who could not disguise that

quaker-pride, which is the most disgusting thing in the world, and ridiculously assumes the name of humility.

And Potter trembles even in his grave.

Thomas Potter Esq; of Ridgmont in Bedfordshire. He was son of a late archbishop of Canterbury, but far from being himself a bigot. He was even suspected to be well inclined towards several mistaken men, who differ from the Church of England. It is however certain he never went so far as to join in communion with any of the sectaries. He had great abilities for parliament, and was no less amiable in private life. The liveliness of his wit sometimes indeed carried him too far, and even revealed religion did not always escape his ridicule; but we ought to remember Martin Luther's apology for himself; *Consider I was bred a Monk.* It is to be presumed, that he kept at least a strict guard over his tongue when he was with good Mr. Allen, or with the b—— of G—— and his lady, at least in the latter period of his life. In the former, if we believe the poet, neither he nor the b—— were very exemplary. In the third book of the Duellist it is said that the b——

liv'd with sinners,
 Herded with infidels for dinners ;
 With such an emphasis and grace
 Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace.

The b—— seems by this to have out-stripped the layman in the race of infidelity, if the picture is not rather overcharged.

This gentleman's many accomplishments and acquired talents, with a high admiration of their two characters, recommended him to the friendship of the postmaster of Bath, and his episcopal nephew. His fine natural parts introduced him to the intimacy of the niece, no incompetent judge. Yet this excellent lady could not help sometimes lamenting that Tom was vastly wild,

———then calls her child,
 And swears that *Tom* was vastly wild.

Duellist, Book III.

I the rather mention this circumstance that posterity may not be misled. Some have imagined from this passage that the child was christened *Thomas*. It is a mistake; he was not named after his father, but after his uncle, Mr. Allen. We have church authority for this. The baptismal register informs us, that we ought to call the boy, *Ralph, Ralph*.

With all the conscious pride of innocence,
 Methinks I hear him in his own defence,
 Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
 By gospel rules, his witness to be true.

This alludes to what passed in the — of — on the 15th of November 1763. The b—— of — made a complaint against Mr. W—— of a b—— of p——, that the name of — had been put by him to a variety of notes in a wicked poem, called, An Essay on Woman. It is said that these notes were of an erudition so deep and so uncommon, that the learned — might have been suspected of being the author, but at the same time of so ludicrous a cast, it was highly improbable a grave divine could employ his time in that way. This matter is now fully cleared up, for the b—— rising in his place, and with the utmost solemnity laying his hand on his heart, declared, that he did not write *any one* of those notes, and called *his* God to witness the truth of the assertion. He obtained in this instance full credit to what he affirmed. What a pity it is that to vindicate his reputation he did not at the same time deny the notes on Shakespeare and Pope?

The

The christian zeal of the b—— did not end with his own vindication. It flamed forth with becoming fury against the poem itself, which he declared was worthy of the devil; then after a short pause added—*no, I beg the devil's pardon, for he is incapable of writing it.*—He would not venture even there a little satire, but as a well-bred Frenchman, with a *pardonnez-moi* to temper it. He is fearful of offending, equally prudent and polite, and keeps a very good look-out into futurity. He remembers the caution of the wary Spaniard, who always said, my good lord the devil, that he might in all events be in favour below. A few years ago the b—— published a treatise upon Grace, or the Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit. In the preface he says, *I have a master above, and I have one below.* Lord B—— has been his master above. Is the person whose pardon he begged his master below?

Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.

———Seriously, my Lord of G—— is to be pitied.

Pope, Warburton's edition, vol. 4. 197.

But you, my Lord, renounced attorneyship.

The commentator of Pope has been careful to give us not only all the blots in the foul copy of the poet, but most of the variations in the printed editions. One however, which is remarkable, he has omitted. In the first book of the Dunciad we read according to the b——'s edition,

What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the bible, once my better guide.

Vol. 5. p. 101.

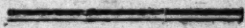
But no notice is taken of the former editions published by Pope himself, in several of which we read;

But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside,
Take up the *attorney's* (once my better) *guide*,
with this note, "In allusion to his first profession
" of an attorney." The b—— could not bear
to copy these words, which are spoken by Cibber,
the hero of the Dunciad, who was no dunce.
Did he fear they would rather lead the reader to
one of the *low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile,*
band, to a *reverend Flamen in his lightened*
dress, formerly an attorney?

Dunciad, b. 2. vol. 354.

The

The name and profession of attorney my lord did indeed renounce ; the wrangling and caviling, the subterfuges and mean arts of vile attorneys (as Pope calls them vol. 3. p. 247) may be found in all his controversial writings. He can however at a pinch still do business for himself as an attorney, and in the idea of the world, Mr. Allen's Will does honour to the proficiency he made in his former trade.



Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Gloster, and my Lord.

It is always difficult to mount the first step of the ladder of preferment ; this simple title of doctor would not for above thirteen years take to the name of W——. In 1741 Pope says, I have received some chagrin at the delay of your degree at Oxon. vol. 9. p. 341. There was indeed no small delay from the university. At last in 1754 the degree of doctor in divinity was conferred on him by the archbishop of Canterbury.

The b——k of G—— paid the petticoat obligations which a princess had to Mr. and Mrs. Allen during her residence at Prior Park.

Poetical

*Poetical Description of a GREAT FUNERAL,
By a late celebrated BARD.*

[Never before printed.]

I.

A Tale I will tell you with great indignation,
A reproach it must bring on the whole
English nation ;

Our good old ——'s funeral a raree show made,
While the d—— for the sight hath largely been
paid.

Derry down,

II.

Old Peter was ne'er made a joke of before,
Tho' a rendezvous oft for each politick whore,
But before this grand farce the d—— seized the
keys,

And for prophanation he took double fees ;

Derry down.

III.

Without paying toll he swore none shou'd be
there,

And lest they shou'd sculk he forbid publick
pray'r ;

The keys of the vaults and odd places took,
And threaten'd the servants, bell, candle, and
book.

Derry down.

Now

VI.

Now the chapter conven'd, old — took the
chair,

And the mask laid aside with a true priestly air ;
On this happy occasion my friends 'tis my will,
We strive in convention our pockets to fill.

Derry down,

V.

His health in a bumper went chearfully round,
And each wish'd, he declar'd, to see the k——
c——'d,

And most fervently pray'd, shou'd heaven him call,
It might be (tho' late) yet while they had a stall.

Derry down,

VI.

To Business now cries the m——'d old P——,
Ways and means are the things for which we
met here,

Rise B—— P——, and the rest in your turns,
We will fix it this night and admit no adjourns ;

Derry down,

VII.

But then said the d—— e'er this matter we settle,
Here F——'s the key, go fetch t'other bottle,

Nay

Nay frown not good F—— because I bid you,
I would have sent T—— but he'd have stole
two.

Derry down.

VIII.

Then each rosy Pr——d got up from his chair
And touching the matter his mind did declare ;
But one by the mammon being tickl'd full sore,
Thought it fit the procession shou'd pay at the
door.

Derry down,

IX.

At length they resolv'd and in minute book scroll'd,
Three scaffolds to build—be the C——'s cajol'd ;
But one for the servants his L——p allow'd,
Which favour being told, the honest blocks
bow'd.

Derry down,

X.

Then carpenters vile with their hammering rend
The roof of St. P—— and the dead do offend,
For Sir Isaac cried out, What a pox do ye there ?
For God's sake—ye're mad—see you've shatter'd
my sphere :

Derry down,
Old

XI.

Old —— shook his head and said, sure t'was prophane

For a man of his parts to take God's name in vain,

And bid him of such naughty words to beware,
Lye down in his place——try the circle to square.

Derry down.

XII.

Each V—— soon follow'd the B——'s example

And boldly on decency ventur'd to trample,

Like the chapter in filling their pockets combine,

One fells ham and rolls, t'other porter and wine.

Derry down.

XIII.

Eight strikes—the bell tolls—and the show doth begin,

And half crowns and twelvers fly thick to get in,

Such crowding and bribing, yourself wou'd have
fwoe

'Twas paradise gate and the saint at the door.

Derry down.

XIV.

Arrived, Harry's chapel at length they ascend,

And —— hastens the service to end ;

Dust

Dust to dust cries the D—— —slap the corps was
interr'd,

And the musick struck up——Long live George
the Third.

Derry down.

AN INSCRIPTION.

*Written in 1749, by the late Right Honourable
CHARLES TOWNSHEND, on Lady C——
wishing to be buried in his Shrubbery at Adder-
bury in Oxfordshire.*

*Within this monument doth lie
What's left of Calia's gallantry.*

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, bestow
One sigh in tribute ere you go ;
But if thy breast did ever prove
The rapture of successful love,
Around her tomb the myrtle plant,
And berry'd shrubs, which ring-doves haunt ;
The spreading cypress, and below
Bid lumps of arbor vitæ grow ;
Th' uxorious plant that leans to find
Some female neighbour of its kind,
With beech to tell the plighted flame,
And saviue to conceal the shame ;

That ev'ry tree and every flow'r
 May join to form the am'rous bow'r;
 Wherein at close of summer's heat,
 The lovers of the green shall meet,
 While Cælia's shade propitious hears
 Their sanguine vows, their jealous fears;
 Well pleas'd to consecrate her grove
 To Venus and the rites of love.

*Earl Delawarr's Farewell to the Maids of
 Honor, on his being promoted to his late Father's
 Troop, and resigning the Place of Vice Chamber-
 lain to the Queen.*

YE maids, who Britain's court bedeck,
 Miss Wrottesly, Beauclerk, Keck,
 Miss Meadows and Boscawen!

A dismal tale I have to tell;
 This is to bid you all farewell:
 Farewel! for I am going.

I leave you, girls; indeed 'tis true,
 Altho' to be esteem'd by you
 Has ever been my pride:
 'Tis often done at court, you know;
 I leave my dearest friends, and go
 Over to t'other side.

No

No longer shall we laugh and chat
 In th' outer room on this and that,
 Until the queen shall call :

Our gracious king has call'd me now ;
 Nay holds a stick up too, I vow,
 And so God bless you all !

They tell me that one word a day
 From him is worth the whole you say,
 Fair ladies, in a year :
 A word from him I highly prize :
 But who can leave your beauteous eyes
 Without one tender tear ?

No longer shall I now be seen
 Handing along our matchless queen,
 So generous, good, and kind ;
 While one by one each smiling lass,
 First drops a curtsy as we pass,
 Then trips along behind.

Adieu, my much-lov'd golden key !
 No longer to be worn by me,
 Adorn'd with ribband blue ;
 Which late I heard look'd ill and pale—
 I thought it but an idle tale,
 But now believe 'twas true.

Farewell,

Farewell, my good Lord Harcourt, too!

What can, alas, your lordship do

Alone among the maids?

You soon must some assistance ask;

You'll have a very arduous task,

Unless you call for aid.

Great is the charge you have in care:

Indeed, my pretty maidens fair,

His situation's nice:

As Chamberlain we shall expect

That he, sole guardian, shall protect

Six maids, without a vice.

Epigram on the NEW PAVEMENT.

THE new Scottish pavement is worthy of
praise,

We're indebted to Scotland for *mending our*
ways;

But, what we can never forgive 'em, some say,

Is, that they have taken our *posts* all away.

*On the DUCHESS of RUTLAND.**By the EARL of CHESTERFIELD.*

WHAT do scholars, and bards, and astro-
 nomers, wise,
 Mean by stuffing our heads with nonsense and
 lies,
 By telling us Venus must always appear
 In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star,
 Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or
 doves,
 Attended in form by the graces and loves :
 That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,
 And her passport to hearts on a belt round her
 waist ;
 Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame ;
 To supper last night to P——y's she came
 In a good warm sedan ; no fine open car ;
 Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her
 star :
 No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat ;
 Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat :
 Nor wanted a cestus her bosom to grace,
 For Rutland, that night, had lent her her face.

On

On the Banishment of CICERO.

*Written by the Duke of Wharton, and first printed
when Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was
banished in 1724.*

I.

AS o'er the swelling ocean's tide
An exile Tully rode,
The bulwark of the Roman state,
In act, in thought, a god ;
The sacred genius of majestic Rome
Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom.

II.

Farewell ! renown'd in arts, farewell !
Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
Of honours, and of friends depriv'd,
In exile must thou go :
Yet go content ; thy look, thy will sedate,
Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

III.

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
Thy virtue thy offence,
With god-like zeal thou didst espouse
Thy country's just defence :

No fardid hopes could charm thy ſteady ſoul,
No fears, nor guilty numbers could controul.

IV.

What tho' the nobleſt patriots ſtood
Firm to thy ſacred cauſe,
What tho' thou could'ſt diſplay the force
Of rhet'rick and of laws;
No eloquence, no reaſon could repel
Th' united ſtrength of Clodius and of hell.

V.

Thy mighty ruin to effect
What plots have been deviſ'd !
What arts ! what perjuries been uſ'd !
What laws and rites deſpiſ'd !
How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,
And witneſſes by hopes and threats ſecur'd !

VI.

And yet they act their dark deceit
Veil'd with a nice diſguiſe,
And form a ſpecious ſhew of right
From treachery and lies ;
With arbitrary power the people awe,
And coin unjuſt oppreſſion into law.

VII.

VII.

Let Clodius now in grandeur reign,
 Let him exert his pow'r,
 A short-liv'd monster in the land,
 The monarch of an hour ;
 Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,
 And act against their senses at his nod.

VIII.

Pierc'd by an untimely hand
 To earth shall he descend,
 Tho' now with gaudy honours cloath'd,
 Inglorious in his end.
 Blest be the man who does his pow'r defy,
 And dares or truly speak, or bravely die.

*Stanzas by Lord CAPEL. Written when he was
 a prisoner in the Tower, during Cromwell's
 usurpation.*

I.

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow ;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;
 Your incivilities do plainly shew,
 That innocence is tempest proof.

Tho' furly Nereus frowns, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

II.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no pris'ner, but an anchoret.

III.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep rogues out, and keep me in,
Malice is now grown charitable, sure;
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

IV.

And whilst I wish to be retir'd,
Into this private room I'm turn'd;
As if their wisdom had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd.
Or, like those sophists who would drown a fish,
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

V.

The Cynic hugs his poverty,
 The pelican her wilderness;
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus.
 Contentment feels no smart; stoics, we see,
 Make torments easy by their apathy.

VI.

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up,
 Like some high prized margarite;
 Or like some great mogul or pope,
 I'm cloister'd up from public sight.
 Retir'dness is a part of majesty,
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

VII.

These manacles upon mine arm
 I as my mistress' favours wear;
 And for to keep mine ancles warm,
 I have some iron shackles there.
 These walls are but my garison; this cell,
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

VIII.

Thus he that struck at Jason's life,
 Thinking to make his purpose sure,

By a malicious friendly knife

Did only wound him to his cure.

Malice, we see, wants wit, for what is meant
Mischief, oft times proves favour by th' event.

IX.

Although I cannot see my king,

Neither in person, nor in coin ;

Yet contemplation is a thing

That renders what I have not mine.

My king from me no adamant can part,

Whom I do wear engraven in my heart.

X.

Have you not heard the nightingale,

A pris'ner close kept in a cage,

How she doth chant her wonted tale

In that her narrow hermitage.

Ev'n that her melody doth plainly prove,

Her boughs are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.

XI.

My soul is free as is th' ambient air,

Which doth my outward parts include ;

Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair

To company my solitude.

What

What tho' they do with chains my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

XII.

I am that bird which they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty ;
And tho' my corpse they can confine,
Yet maugre that my soul is free.
Tho' I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

*In some copies of this poem the following stanza is
inserted between the seventh and eighth :*

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem ;
And for to smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him.
But now to suffer shews a legal part ;
When kings want ease, subjects must learn to
smart.

*But this stanza utterly destroys the uniformity
of the poem, and is inconsistent with every other
part of it. The design of the whole is, to repre-
sent as benefits what had by his enemies been in-
tended as punishments, and to shew, that " malice
wants wit to effect its purpose : " but this stanza
contains*

contains an acknowledgment, that malice has effected its purpose upon him; that he suffers; and that it is fit he should suffer. For this reason, and because it is not in all copies, it is omitted in this, either as composed by the author, and afterwards rejected, or as interpolated by some other.

Verses by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

GO soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant,
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant,
 Go, since I needs must dye,
 And give them all the lye.

Go, tell the court it glowse
 And shines like painted wood;
 Go, tell the church it shoves
 What's good, does no good,
 If court and church replye,
 Give court and church the lye.

Tell potentates they live
 Actinge, but oh! their actions
 Not lov'd unless they give!
 Not strong, but by their factions.

If potentates replye,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell me not of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition ;
Their practice only hate.
And if they do replye,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell those that brave it moste,
They begge more by spendinge ;
Who, in their greatest coste,
Seek nothing but commendinge.
And if they make replye,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion ;
Tell love it is but luste ;
Tell time it is but motion ;
Tell flesh it is but duste.
And wish them not replye,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour how it alters ;
Tell beautye that it blasteth ;
Tell favour that she falters.

And

And as they do replye,
Give every one the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In fickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wisenes.
And if they do replye,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell physick of her boldness ;
Tell skill it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law it is contention.
And if they yield replye,
Then give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
Tell justice of delay.
And if they do replye,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell artes they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell skollers lack profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.

If artes and skollers reple,
 Give artes and skollers the lye.

Tell faith its fled the cittye ;
 Tell how the country errethe ;
 Tell manhood shakes of pytie ;
 Tell virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reple,
 Spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
 Althoughe to give the lye
 Deserves no less than stabbing.
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the foul can kill.

A PARODY on the Foregoing.

Written in 1764.

GO, truth, unwelcome guest !
 Upon a thankless errant ;
 Fear not to touch the best,
 For truth is a safe warrant.
 Go, since thou needs must die,
 And give them all the lie.

Go

Go, tell the Tory faction,
 Now in their noontide hour,
 England won't bear an action
 Of an arbitrary power.
 If Tories should reply,
 Give Tories all the lie.

Go, tell th' ennobl'd Thief,
 While cares oppress him most,
 He ne'er shall taste relief
 From guilt—from Ayliffe's ghost.
 And if the Thief reply,
 Then give the Thief the lie.

Go, tell the Scottish Thane,
 Rais'd high by r—— lust,
 That lust shall prove his bane,
 And lay him in the dust.
 And should the Thane reply,
 Then say, Proud Thane, you lie.

Go, tell the immortal Pitt,
 Author of England's glory,
 He shall recorded sit
 Foremost in future story.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * *Cetera defunt.*

The

The DIAMOND.*A FABLE.*

LONG on Golconda's shore a diamond lay
Neglected, rough, conceal'd in common
clay :

By every passenger despis'd and scorn'd,
The latent jewel thus in secret mourn'd,
" Why am I thus to sordid earth confin'd,
" Why scorn'd and trod upon by every hind ?
" Were these bright qualities, this glittering
" hue,

" And dazzling lustre, never meant for view ?
" Wrapt in eternal shade if I remain,
" These shining virtues were bestow'd in vain."

As thus the long-neglected gem display'd
Its worth and wrongs, a skilful artist stray'd
By chance that way, and saw with curious eye,
Tho' much obscur'd, th' unvalu'd treasure lie.
He ground with care, he polish'd it with art,
And call'd forth all its rays from every part ;
And now young Delia's neck ordain'd to grace,
It adds new charms to beauty's fairest face.

And

The mind of man neglected and untaught,
 Is this rough diamond in the mine unwrought;
 Till education lend her art, unknown
 The brightest talents lie, a common stone;
 By her fair hand when fashion'd, the new mind
 Rises with lustre, polish'd and refin'd.

The F A R M E R.

O Happy he! happiest of mortal men!
 Who far remov'd from slavery as from
 pride,

Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to
 catch

The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:
 Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,
 The purchase of his honour; where deceit,
 And fraud, and circumvention, dress'd in smiles,
 Hold shameful commerce, and beneath the mask
 Of friendship and sincerity, betray.

Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
 Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
 Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye;
 Nor shining heaps of massy plate, unwrought
 With curious, costly workmanship, allure.

Tempted

Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
 Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
 Of grasping av'rice, nor the poison'd sweets
 Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
 With firmness on his old paternal fields,
 And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects
 rise

Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
 Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
 The scenes of innocence, and calm delight.
 There the wild melody of warbling birds,
 And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring
 springs,
 Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
 From low pursuits, to meditate the God !

On Good Humour. Written at Eton School, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few
 possess ?

A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
 And prudes, who spy all faults except their
 own.

Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
 Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.

K

Say,

Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
 What is the thing in which you most excell?
 Hard is the question, for in all you please,
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
 Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,
 For none can envy him, whom all must love.
 This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please,
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
 And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face. }

LYTTELTON.

LUCIAN'S Greek Epigram.

*Inscribed on a Column erected in a Piece of Land,
 that had been often bought and sold; Imitated.*

I Whom thou see'st begirt with towering oaks,
 Was once the property of John o'Nokes;
 On him prosperity no longer smiles,
 And now I feed the flocks of John o'Stiles.
 My former master call'd me by his name,
 My present owner fondly does the same;
 While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
 Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs.
 Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
 For Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

A Dr.

A Description of Spring in London.

NOW new-made silks the mercer's window
shows,

And his spruce 'prentice wears his Sunday cloaths,
His annual suit with nicest taste renew'd,

The reigning cut and colour still pursu'd.

The barrow now, with oranges a score,

Driven by at once a gamester and a whore,

No longer gulls the stripling of his pence,

Who learns that poverty is nurse to sense.

Much-injur'd trader whom the law pursues,

The law which wink'd, and beckon'd to the
Jews,

Why should the beadle drive thee from the street?

To sell is always a pretence to cheat.

"Large stewing oysters" in a deepening groan,

No more resounds, nor "mussels" shriller tone;

Seven days to labour now is held no crime,

And Moll "new mackrel" screams in sermon-
time.

In ruddy bunches raddishes are spread,

And Nan with choice-pickt fallads loads her
head;

Now in the superb window Christmas green,

The bays and holly, are no longer seen,

But sprigs of garden-mint in phials grow,
 And gather'd laylocks perish as they blow.
 The truant school-boy now at eye we meet,
 Fatigu'd and sweating thro' the crowded street,
 His shoes embrown'd at once with dust and clay,
 With white-thorn loaded, which he takes for
 May;

Round his flapp'd hat in rings the cowslips twine,
 Or in cleft osiers form a golden line.
 On milk-pail rear'd the borrow'd salvers glare,
 Topp'd with a tankard, which two porters bear,
 Reeking, they slowly toil o'er rugged stones,
 And joyless beldames dance with aking bones:
 More blithe the powder'd tye-wig'd sons of foot
 Trip to the shovel with a shoeless foot.
 In gay Vaux-hall now faunter beaux and belles,
 And happier cits resort to Sadler's-wells.

On H A P P I N E S S.

O Happiness, where's thy resort?
 Amidst the splendor of a court!
 Or dost thou more delight to dwell
 With humble hermit in his cell,
 In search of truth? or dost thou rove
 Thro' Plato's academic grove?

Or

Or else, with Epicurus gay,
 Laugh at the farces mortals play?
 Or with the Graces, dost thou lead
 The sportive dance along the mead?
 Or in Bellona's bloody car,
 Exult amidst the scenes of war?
 No more I'll search, no more I'll mind thee,
 Fair fugitive;——I cannot find thee!

The Conqueror and the Old Woman. A FABLE.

A Persian monarch, one of those
 Whose great ambition knew no bound;
 Some Cyrus, or Darius we'll suppose,
 In whom no other vice was found,
 If we dare name ambition so,
 For some doubt whether it be vice or no;
 I have not time at present to confute,
 So grant the question rather than dispute.
 This Sophi far and wide his conquests spread;
 Full thirty crowns, or more,
 Were pil'd on his anointed head,
 And yet the weight with ease he bore;
 For 'twas his great and chief delight
 To break the yoke his vanquish'd subjects wore,
 And make their burden light.

Attentive to the voice of the distress'd,
Justice and virtue flourish'd in his reign ;
When from the confines of his vast domain

A good old woman who had been oppress'd,
Came to the footstool of his throne

To have her grievances redress'd ;
And thus in piteous tragic tone

His majesty address'd :

“ Encourag'd by your fame, I come from far ;

“ Sir, you're our king by right of war ;

“ By right of subject I for justice sue ;

“ I claim it ; and you'll grant it ; 'tis my due.

“ My daughter ravish'd, and my house destroy'd,

“ And all by one whom you employ'd

“ To act the king in place of you.”

“ I doubt not but all this is true,”

The conscious prince replied ;

“ But so far off, what can I do ?

“ To make my people happy is my pride ;

“ And yet I cannot every where reside.

“ The sun, which all the world surrounds,

“ Shines and enlivens but to certain bounds ;

“ The rest are dark and cold.”

“ That's argued ill, if I may be so bold,”

Return'd the matron to the sovereign,

“ 'Twas weak to grasp at what you cannot hold,

“ And conquer more than you can govern.”

While

While o'er the sea of life we take our trip,
 Kings are by heaven commission'd to command;
 Captains, not owners of the ship,
 'Tis theirs to steer the people safe to land;
 And when the bark with prudence they convey,
 We row with pleasure, and with pride obey.

*The Courtier's CREED. Written in the Year
 1731; and never before printed.*

I Believe in K. G. II. the greatest captain and the wisest monarch between heaven and earth; and in Sir R. Walpole his only minister, our lord; who was begotten by B—— the a——y, born of Mrs. Walpole of Houghton, accused of corruption; was convicted, expelled, and imprisoned; he went down into Norfolk the third year; he came up again, got into the administration, and now sits at the head of the Treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who vote as they are bid.

I believe in Horace's treatises, the *sanctity* of the bishops, the *independency* of the lords, the
integrity

Half-utter'd wishes, broken, kind replies,
 And all the silent eloquence of eyes;
 To teach the fair by various wiles to move
 The soften'd soul, and lead the heart to love.
 Proud of her charms, and conscious of her
 face,

The haughty beauty calls forth every grace,
 With fierce defiance throws the killing dart;
 By force she wins, by force she keeps the heart.
 The witty fair a nobler game pursues,
 Aims at the head, but the rapt soul subdues.
 The languid nymph enslaves with softer art,
 With sweet neglect she steals into the heart,
 Slowly she moves her swimming eyes around,
 Conceals the shaft, but meditates the wound;
 Her gentle languishments the gazers move,
 Her voice is music, and her looks are love:
 To few tho' nature may these gifts impart,
 What she with-holds, the wise can win from art.
 Then let your airs be suited to her face,
 Nor to a languish tack a sprightly grace.
 The short round face, brisk eyes, and auburn
 hair,

Must smiling joy in every motion wear,
 The quick unsettled glance must deal around,
 Hide all design, and seem by chance to wound.

Dark

Dark rolling eyes a languish may assume,
 These the soft looks and melting air become :
 The pensive head upon the hand reclin'd,
 As if some sweet disorder fill'd the mind ;
 Let the heav'd breast a struggling sigh restrain,
 And seem to stop the falling tear with pain.
 The youth, who all the soft distress believes,
 Soon wants the kind compassion that he gives ;
 But beauty, wit, and youth may sometimes fail,
 Nor always o'er the stubborn soul prevail ;
 Then let the fair one have recourse to art ;
 Who cannot storm, may undermine the heart.
 First form your artful looks with studious care,
 From mild to grave, from tender to severe ;
 Oft on the careless youth your glances dart,
 A tender meaning let each glance impart.
 Whene'er he meets your looks, with modest
 pride,
 And soft confusion turn your eyes aside ;
 Let a soft sigh steal out, as if by chance,
 Then cautious turn, and steal another glance.
 Caught by these arts, with pride and hope elate,
 The destin'd victim rushes on his fate :
 Pleas'd, his imagin'd victory pursues,
 And the kind maid with soft attention views ;
 Contemplates now her shape, her air, her face,
 And thinks each feature wears an added grace ;
Till

Till gratitude, which first his bosom proves,
 By slow degrees sublim'd, at length he loves
 'Tis harder still to fix, than gain a heart;
 What's won by beauty, must be kept by art.
 Too kind a treatment the blest lover cloy's,
 And oft despair the growing flame destroys:
 Sometimes with smiles receive him, sometimes
 tears,

And wisely balance both his hopes and fears.
 Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited pains,
 Condemns your sway, and strives to break his
 chains;

Behaves as if he now your scorn defy'd,
 And thinks at least he shall alarm your pride:
 But with indifference view the seem'd change,
 And let your eyes to seek new conquests range;
 While his torn breast with jealous fury burns,
 He hopes, despairs, adores, and hates by turns;
 With anguish now repents the weak deceit,
 And powerful passion bears him to your feet.
 Strive not the jealous lover to perplex,
 Ill suits suspicion with that haughty sex;
 Rashly they judge, and always think the worst,
 And love is often banish'd by distrust:
 To these an open free behaviour wear,
 Awful disguise, and seem at least sincere;

Whene'er

Whene'er you meet, affect a glad surprize,
 And give a melting softness to your eyes :
 By some unguarded word your love reveal,
 And anxiously the rising blush conceal.
 By arts like these the jealous you deceive,
 Then most deluded when they most believe.
 But while in all you seek to raise desire,
 Beware the fatal passion you inspire ;
 Each soft intruding wish in time reprove,
 And guard against the sweet invader love.
 Not for the tender were these rules design'd,
 Who in their faces show their yielding mind :
 Whose eyes a native languishment can wear,
 Whose smiles are artless, and whose blush
 sincere ;
 But for the nymph who liberty can prize,
 And vindicate the triumph of her eyes :
 Who o'er mankind a haughty rule maintains,
 Whose wit can manage what her beauty gains :
 Such by these arts their empire may improve,
 And unsubdu'd controul the world by love.

On the Death of YORICK, the Reverend Mr. STERNE, Author of Tristram Shandy, &c.

WITH wit and genuine humour to dispel,
 From the desponding bosom, gloomy care,
 And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
 Of hapless love or filial grief, to flow
 From the full sympathising heart, were thine
 These pow'rs, O Sterne ! But now thy fate
 demand

(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd hearse,
 Proclaiming honours, where no virtue shone)
 But the sad tribute of the heart-felt sigh.
 What, tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,
 Or the full choir sing requiems o'er the tomb,
 The humbler grief of friendship is not mute.
 And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
 Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
 With olive foliage, at the close of day
 Shall chant her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
 Thy shade too, gentle monk, 'mid awful night
 Shall pour libations from its friendly eye ;
 For erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
 Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
 The sod, which rested on the aged breast.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr. QUIN. By Mr. GARRICK.

THAT tongue, which set the table on a
 roar,

And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
 Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shake-
 speare writ.

Cold are those hands, which, living, were stretch'd
 forth,

At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.

Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to be
 taught,

(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 In nature's happiest mould however cast)

To this complexion thou must come at last.

On the Friendship of two young Ladies, 1730.

HAIL, beauteous pair, whom friendship
 binds

In softest, yet in strongest ties;

Soft as the temper of your minds,

Strong as the lustre of your eyes:

So

So Venus's doves in couples fly,
 And friendly steer their equal course;
 Whose feathers Cupid's shafts supply,
 And wing them with resistless force.

Thus as you move love's tender flame,
 Like that of friendship, paler burns;
 Both our divided passion claim,
 And friends and rivals prove by turns.

Then ease yourselves and bless mankind,
 Friendship so curst no more pursue:
 In wedlock's rosy bow'r you'll find
 The joys of love and friendship too.

A M A N in L O V E.

*L'Homme qui ne se trouve point & ne se trou-
 vera jamais.*

By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

THE man who feels the dear disease
 Forgets himself, neglects to please:
 The crowd avoids, and seeks the groves,
 And much he thinks when much he loves;

Prefs'd

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Prefs'd

Press'd with alternate hope and fear,
 Sighs in her absence, sighs when she is near.
 The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
 Those trifles pass unseen along;
 To him a pert, insipid throng.
 But most he shuns the vain coquet;
 Contemns her false affected wit:
 The minstrels sound, the flowing bowl
 Oppress and hurt the am'rous soul;
 'Tis solitude alone can please,
 And give some intervals of ease:
 He feeds the soft distemper there,
 And fondly courts the distant fair;
 To balls the silent shade prefers,
 And hates all other charms but hers.
 When thus your absent swain can do,
 Molly, you may believe him true.

An I N S C R I P T I O N .

Written upon one of the Tubs in Ham Walks,
 September MDCCLX.

DARK was the sky with many a cloud,
 The fearful lightnings flash'd around,
 Low to the blast the forest bow'd,
 And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground;

Fast

Fast fell the rains upon my head,
 And weak and weary were my feet,
 When, lo ! this hospitable shed
 At length supplied a kind retreat,

That in fair memory's faithful page
 The bard's escape may flourish long,
 Yet shuddering from the tempest's rage,
 He dedicates the votive song.

For ever sacred be the earth
 From whence the tree its vigour drew !
 The hour that gave the seedling birth !
 The forest where the scyon grew !

Long honour'd may his ashes rest,
 Who first the tender shoot did rear !
 Blest be his name !——But doubly blest
 The friendly hand that plac'd it here !

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,
 This pleasurable scene deform,
 But time still spare the seat which gave
 The poet shelter from the storm.

L A SONG.

A S O N G. *By a Noble Lord.*

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Cælia to sing,
For ideas of beauty I search'd thro' the
spring ;

To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet
maid ;

But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.

Of sun-shine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of the breezes so soft, and the sun-shine so
bright ;

But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
For the sun sets at night, and the breezes grow
cold.

The clouds of mild ev'ning array'd in pale blue,
While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glitter-
ing thro',

Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
Yet, methought, they look'd something like Cæ-
lia's sweet eyes.

These beauties are transient, but Cælia's will last,
When spring, and when summer, and autumn
are past ;

For sense and good humour no season disarms,
And the soul of my Cælia enlivens her charms.

At length, on a fruit-tree a blossom I found,
Which beauty displayed, and shed fragrance a-
round,

I then thought the muses had smil'd on my
pray'r,

This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair !

These colours so gay, and united so well,
This delicate texture and ravishing smell,
Be her person's sweet emblem ! but where shall I
find

In nature a beauty that equals her mind !

This blossom so pleasing, at summer's gay call,
Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall,
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise.

So Cælia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd shall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her
prime,

When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

L 2

JOHN,

JOHN, *the ENGLISH Footman. A Tale.*

THE chiming bells from ev'ry steeple
 Proclaim'd to well-disposed people,
 That they must be repairing soon
 To service of the afternoon :
 That is—it now was almost three ;
 My lord, still at his morning tea,
 (For it was Sunday, and you know
 What then good folks of fashion do)
 My lady holds engag'd in chat,
 In blaming this, reforming that :

“ Since, my dear lord, at your command,

“ I took the management in hand,

“ You know, 'twas always my endeavour,

“ Your house should be polite and clever,

“ How well your dignity it suits

“ To have discharg'd your English brutes !

“ I think, there now remains but one—

“ And he, because your tenant's son !

“ Must we be plagu'd with such a sot

“ In complaisance to farmer Trot ?”

My lord replies,—“ Trot pays his rent,

“ And can make votes to parliament :

“ And often sends us chines and turkies ;

“ And John, too, capable of work is.

—“ Send

—“ Send him to work then in your stable—

“ Oh ! such a wretch to wait at table !

“ Indeed, my dear, it gives me pain,

“ To see him shock the *Gens de bien* }

“ With toes turn'd in, and awkward mien !

“ So this I do insist upon,

“ That he immediately be gone !”

“ Since 'tis your pleasure, go he must—

“ Yet to assign some cause—were just—

“ At least what plausible may seem—

“ And that's consistent with my scheme.

“ In the militia we will swear him ;

“ I'll write to Fielding not to spare him :

“ These purposes will answer double,

“ First, in discharging you of trouble,

“ And in procuring me the merit

“ Of acting with a gen'rous spirit :

“ My lord (they say) don't even spare,

“ His own domestics from the war,

“ How ardent for the public weal !

“ Example rare of noble zeal !

“ But, let us sound him first, to know

“ Whether the rogue's inclin'd to go ;

“ If you, my dear, approve the measure,”—

“ Yes—call him up”—My lord, your pleasure.

“ John, thou'rt a fellow tall and lusty,

“ Of heart right sound, and courage trusty ;

" Can you yourself in humour bring
 " To serve your country and your king,
 " And strait some justice go before,
 " In the militia to be swore?"

Militia!—what is that, my lord?

I do not understand the word—

" Why, John, it means the French (ah, hang 'em!)

" Soundly whene'er you meet to bang 'em"—

Is that the case?—with all my heart—

I'll do my best to play my part—

John strait retires with awkward airs,

And meets the valet on the stairs,

Whom he accosts with one salute

Of rightly pois'd, elastic foot,

Which sent Monsieur a headlong falling,

And left him at the bottom sprawling.

My lord's Friseur he next attacks

With frequent cuffs, and English thwacks:

And while he dress'd my lady's tête

John curl'd his locks and comb'd his pate.

Then hurrying in the kitchen goes,

And bastes the cook, and tweaks his nose;

" Vat be de matter, villian, rogue,

" Me kill you, thou one English dog!"

Soho, quoth John, Monsieur Ragou,

Since you thus froth and sputter so,

I must apply my drudger too;

}
I

If that won't do—you shall, unpity'd,
 Be sent to Garrick to be spitted !
 Janton he next attacks, and throws
 Over her head at once her cloaths :
 (And (sad disaster !) found—to shock one,
 That poor Janton had no smock on !)
 Who hurries strait to Ma'moiselle
 Enrag'd her loud complaints to tell,
 Who interfering in the rout ;
 “ Fine vark indeed dis, Maitre Trotte !
 “ I'll do your bus'ness strait,” she cries,
 And up stairs to my lady flies,
 And scarce, quite out of breath, could say,
 “ *Eh ! quelles barbares, quelles sots Anglois !*
 “ Trot has been making such a riot !”
 The scoundrel Trot ? lord, lady cry out—
 Your Valet—Cook—and Friseur bang'd !
 —Send him to Fielding to be hang'd !
 “ And in the sight of the postilion
 “ O'er Janton's head cast her *cotillon* ;
 “ And *vat vas varse, à mon surprise*,
 “ *Pauvre Janton* had no *Chemise*” —
 Go hang him without judge or jury,
 Cries out my lady in a fury.
 John summon'd now before 'em all,
 With aching heart attends the call.

" *Fripon, poltron, vile English varlet,*"
 My lady screams, as red as scarlet;
 While the soft voice of *Ma'moiselle*
 With poll and lap-dog join the yell.
 Poor John, confus'd with wild dismay,
 Trembling, and fault'ring, scarce could say,
 Only—one word—my lord, I pray.
 I'm sorry thus to have offended,
 But I no harm at all intended.
 Your lordship's orders, and my oath,
 You know, my lord, oblige me both
 To maul the French, to bang and beat 'em
 In whatsoever place I meet 'em.
 " Hold, John—you quite mistake the matter,
 " But not on this side of the water;
 " In Flanders beat 'em if you can;
 " And there you'll shew yourself a man.
 " Or if they ever should be found
 " To land their force on British ground,
 " Why then you might exert your sallies
 " To drive 'em back again to Calais.
 " The French so ever *degagé*,
 " So airy, gay, polite, and free,
 " Tho' object of the vulgar spite,
 " By long prescription have a right
 " To the protection of the great,
 " Who live in affluence and state;

" Whom

" Whom our domestics, when we style 'em,
 " Our houses are their sure asylum;
 " Their characters are sacred there;
 " So that, if faucy scoundrels dare
 " T' insult their persons, or to bait 'em,
 " 'Tis constru'd *Scandalum magnatum*;
 " Then breach of privilege ensues,
 " With fines, imprisonments, and dues:
 " Nor, till unto our wills we bend 'em,
 " Can *habeas corpus*'s defend 'em.
 " Therefore for your presumption, John,
 " Uncase this moment—and be gone!"

The Laughing PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN I take an attentive survey of man-
 kind,
 From their follies and vices diversion I find;
 Their humours, caprices, their whims and odd
 ways,
 Sensations of mirth in me constantly raise.
 Ev'ry place is with curious, choice characters
 stor'd,
 Which, from morning to night, entertainment
 afford.

In each lane, in each alley, court, square, row,
or street,

Scenes truly Hogarthian I fail not to meet ;

Scenes which would not in many a muscle pro-
voke,

But I, from the dullest can strike out a joke.

In every man's motions I merriment trace,

And can laughter extract from the dismallest
face.

When I see men and women industriously shun

Their own thoughts, and each ev'ning to card-
tables run ;

When dowagers, dress'd up like girls of fifteen,

In the front of a side box are mad to be seen ;

When a blooming young creature to threescore is
ty'd,

That to routs and to plays she in diamonds may
ride ;

When ladies, to shew their no-learning, talk
Latin,

And tradesmen their scabbards adorn with white
fattin ;

When a poor tallow-chandler, deceas'd, lies in
state,

Who alive, perhaps, had not five pounds worth
of plate ;

When

When fat-headed aldermen set up for wit,
 With laughter my sides are just ready to split:
 When a pert Temple beau the fine gentleman
 apes,

And prentices brag of their duels and rapes;
 When a young academic ascends, with an air,
 To the pulpit, and tries to attract all the fair,
 And oft, in the midst of his flow'ry discourse,
 Looks around to observe if his eyes have had
 force:

When travell'd young fops talk of nothing but
 France,

When old maids learn to sing, and grown gentle-
 men dance;

When pious Ned Shuter at Whitefield's ap-
 pears,

I laugh till my eyes are bedimm'd with my tears.

When women neglect their domestic affairs,

And puzzle their heads with political cares;

When with zeal patriotic they puddings despise,

And chatter of taxes, and loans, and supplies;

When those who have nothing to lose fume and
 fret

At the lowness of stocks and the national debt,

And rail at the court in a passionate style,

I hollow so loud, you may hear me a mile.

TEMPO-

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

IN former days I've heard it said,
 'Ere Grafton was in place,

A diff'rent sort of life he led,
 And wore a different face.

His cheek with patriotism glow'd,
 At Wildman's oft he din'd ;

To liberty he plann'd the road,
 And was, like justice, blind.

With Temple, and with Wilkes was seen,
 The glorious cause wou'd drink :
 But now, such names create the spleen,
 And liberty may sink.

Is friendship banish'd from the great ?

Are there no honest hearts ?

Thrice happy is that modern state,
 Thus rul'd by men of parts ;

A birth-day suit might now take place,

Wou'd silence all repining ;

Courtiers wear honour 'stead of lace,

And honesty for lining.

Patriots

Patriots might, then, walk hand in hand,
 Thus arm'd tout cap-à-pee;
 Dissention, soon, wou'd quit the land,
 And Wilkes again be free.

The WITCH: A FABLE.

A Witch, that from her ebon chair
 Could hurl destruction thro' the air;
 Or, at her all-commanding will,
 Make the tumultuous ocean still;
 Once, by an incantation fell,
 (As the recording Druids tell)
 Pluck'd the round moon, whose radiant light
 Silver'd the sober noon of night,
 From the domain she held above,
 Down to a dark infernal grove.

Give me, the goddess cry'd, a cause
 Why you disturb my sacred laws?
 Look at my train—yon wand'ring host!
 See how the trembling stars are lost!
 Through the cœlestial regions wide
 Why do they range without a guide?

Chaos,

Chaos, from our confusion, may
Hope for his old detested sway.

I'm, says the Witch, severely cross,
Know that my favourite Squirrel's lost.
Search—for I'll have creation torn,
If he's not found before the morn.

Soon as the impious charge was given,
From the tremendous stores of heaven
Jove, with a bolt, revengeful!—red!
Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,
With power enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends,
Tread upon freedom and her friends,
Let them beware the Witch's fate!
When their presumption's at the height
Jove will his angry powers assume,
And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

Her R—— H—— the P. D. of W.

Lines

*Lines to Mr. WILKES. By Robert Lloyd
of Westminster, written just before his Death,
and not printed in his Works.*

WHAT tho' oppression, with her desperate
tools

Of bold mean knaves, and weak complying fools,
Send it abroad ; yet, Wilkes, thy honour'd
name,

Built on the solid base of patriot fame,
Shall in truth's page to latest years descend,
And babes unborn shall hail thee England's
friend ;

A just reward shall future times bestow,
And pay those honours which the present owe.

*The REVIEW. Written in the Year 1719 ;
and never before printed.*

I.

SERENE the morn, the season fine,
Great G—— advancing on the plain,
To view his host, and concubine,
The goodly blessings of his reign ;

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The trumpets found,
 The courfers bound,
 The field all blaz'd with arms;
 His Trojans true,
 Their tactics shew,
 And Helen shews her charms.

II.

The gods of war, and love, by turns,
 Preside upon his phiz;
 One while you think for war he burns,
 Another while for Mifs.

III.

You think, when he surveys his men,
 He'd waste the world for fame;
 And that he'd people it again,
 When he surveys the dame.

IV.

But all is farce, and nothing more,
 This am'rous martial wight
 Age won't allow t'enjoy his whore,
 Nor courage let him fight.

The

An ODE upon the present Period of Time.

*By the Author of the Ode to Lord C——m.**

IN times like these, when party rage
Quickens the feeble pulse of age,
And fires the youthful breast;
When confidence, that social chain,
Which link'd the faith of man to man,
Shrinks from the gen'rous test;

When ev'ry organ, spring, and wheel,
Destin'd to move the public weal,
For good and noble ends;
Forgetful of that great design,
Act, counteract, distract, combine,
As power recommends;

O whither shall the muse retreat
To seek that safe-establish'd seat,
Where freedom spreads her wing?
Where can she breathe her honest fire,
When public virtue tunes her lyre,
When Grenville bids her sing?

* See the first part of the New Foundling Hospital for Wit,
page 118.

Yet, ere she leaves this stormy scene,
 To fly to prospects more serene,
 To seats still calm and gay;
 To you, her genius, refuge, friend,
 (Titles by flatt'ry unobtain'd)
 She sends a parting lay.

There is a season, men agree,
 Fixt by the laws of destiny,
 To nations, as to man;
 In this precarious, bounded space
 They meet their triumph or disgrace,
 As rulers act and plan.

Let us, my friend, our thoughts convey,
 To seasons of the brightest day,
 Times of auspicious date;
 When Britons easy and content,
 Felt, in the hand of government,
 The safety of the state.

Experience then, mature in years,
 Train'd from the cradle to affairs,
 Sat active at the helm;
 Practis'd to break the casual wave,
 Too cautious wantonly to brave
 Storms, that would risk the realm.

Justice,

Justice, too prudent to believe,
 And mercy, panting to relieve,
 In all his actions sprung :
 The laws their settled course maintain'd,
 The prince belov'd and loving reign'd,
 The people toil'd and sung.

Whatever India's treasure yields
 From mines or aromatic fields,
 Rich commerce made his own ;
 His virtues made his friends revere,
 His powers taught his foes to fear,
 He's great, the more he's known.

Gods ! what a golden scene was this,
 Of public fame, of private blifs !
 —But hold, delusive fire—
 The morning view is gone and past,
 The bright meridian's overcast,
 The downy hours retire.—

Subject to ev'ry natural ill
 That springs from impious, lawless will,
 From passion, and pollution ;
 To day, the nation's glory flies,
 To-morrow, health and virtue dies,
 And then——'tis dissolution.—

The legal sword, and equal scale
Of justice, unprotected, fail,

The martial word is given ;
Wisdom, in vain, may drop a tear,
And piety address her prayer
For interposing heaven.

In vain pale virgins, in despair,
To freedom's altar may repair,
That wonted seat of rest :
There ruffians have usurp'd her name,
And men, intrusted with her fame,
Alike have stabb'd her breast.

The tumult spreads—rank, honour, birth,
Are levell'd with their native earth,

Each man, as Cæsar's great—
Farewell allegiance to the throne,
And duty due to kings alone,
Farewell the plumes of state !

Where can Britannia find a friend ?
The great profess, the good commend,
But can't avert her doom :
The faithful B—ds all proclaim
“ Friendship and charity the same,
“ And both commence at home.”

Must

Must she at G—ft—n's feet repine,
 Or sue to G—ft—on's concubine,
 With flattery, bribes, or tears?
 Bribes, like the magic of champaign,
 Can steal the feeling soul from pain,
 And soothe the wound of cares.

But these, however well design'd,
 Like opiums to the fev'rish mind,
 Insnare it to endure:
 Waking again, it raves and burns,
 Each agonizing pain returns,
 Till nature works the cure.

Come then, my Grenville, come away,
 'Tis criminal to lose a day,
 With talents bright as thine:
 Let indolence, on beds of flowers,
 Consume the weary, lagging hours,
 Action's thy nobler line.

Like Quintus, at his country's call,
 Haste to avert a nation's fall,
 Thy absence signs its fate:
 Felt by the senate's loud applause,
 Thy manly truths shall plead its cause,
 Thy counsels make it great.

Haste to correct these upstart things,
 These modern counsellors of k—gs,
 Who toy with state, and pow'r;
 Expose the lines they draw, and break,
 Blow down the baseless plans they make,
 Like play-things of an hour.

This gen'rous course of glory run,
 Fame shall record thy triumph won,
 The muse her tribute pay:
 Britannia to her sons shall tell,
 " That, anxious for the public weal,
 " Grenville ne'er lost a day."

*A Conversation between the two Heads upon Temple
 Bar; on Occasion of the Merchants Address,
 March, 1769.*

SAYS Townly to Fletcher, What causes this
 rout?

Pray what are the people of London about?

Such noise I ne'er heard—'tis a shame and dis-
 grace —

No man can be easy or safe in his place.

I'll

I'll tell you, says Fletcher, if rightly I guess,
 The merchants are met with their loyal addres;
 My eyes are not clear, you may fairly suppose;
 But it smells pretty strong—I can trust to my
 nose.—

Quoth Townley, gude troth, tho' my eyes are
 but dim,

You are certainly right, for there's Eddy B—m;
 And, as I'm alive, there's our favourite Charley,
 And ass-men, and mule-men, and W—s, and
 H—l—y.

“ What! H—l—y, that liv'd in the city's great
 “ house,

“ Who made all the mob once as still as a mouse?”

“ Yes, H—l—y, the man—(good lord, how
 “ the folks hoot!)

“ The man that seiz'd petticoat, gibbet, and
 “ boot.”

“ But who's he before, on the woundy fine horse?”

“ He's as stiff as his majesty at Charing-cross.”

“ Why he, sir, tho' stately and blust'ring in
 “ look,

“ Strip off his fine gear, and he's only a—Cook.”

“ And who are all those whom the mob treat
 “ uncivil?”

“ Why Dutchmen, and Scotchmen, and Jews—
 “ and the devil.”

" Jews, Dutchmen, and Scotchmen, present an
" address?"

" Yes."—The devil was right then—he cou'd
do no less.

An address in these times!—it is much, very
much——

An English address carried up by the Dutch!—
'Tis nat'ral for Scotchmen, I know, to rebel;
To be loyal—'tis strange!—but 'tis all very
well——

This incense of brimstone some noses may suit;
Tho' Britons dislike it, it likes my Lord B——e.
The Macs have all steadily join'd in the work,
All the Macs in the city, excepting Mac Quirk—
But see how the mob there are breaking their
pates——

'Tis time that we stop them, so shut up the gates;
For if they go on with addresses and letters,
We must shortly resign——and make room for
our betters.

TEMPLE-BAR.

A Dia-

*A DIALOGUE at St. James's Gate on the
same Occasion; between a Noble Lord and the
Mob*

Lord. **O**H! Englishmen, Englishmen, can't
you be quiet,
For your wives and your childrens sake do not
riot;
The duty I owe to my k—— and to you,
Makes me beg you'll disperse, lest the cause you
should rue.
You've insulted the crown, and for these honest
cits,
You've scar'd the poor gentlemen out of their
wits.
When they muster'd at 'Change they were decent
and clean,
But are now so bedaub'd they're not fit to be seen.
I am sent by the k—— to entreat you'll disperse;
And hark ye, you fellow there, drive off that
hearse.
If you don't go away all the guards will be sent,
'Tis a desp'rate step, and I dread the event.
I suppose you're set on by some rascal or other,
And have had money given you to make all this
pother.

Mob.

Mob. The cause by your lordship is falsely
ascrib'd,
For tho' we are poor, yet we scorn to be brib'd,
Beside we declare, were we ever so willing,
We don't know a man who would give us a shil-
ling.

Lord. Now I vow and declare, tho' I hate all
this strife,
Yet the people of England I love as my life.
I would down on my knees in the dirt and the
mire,
If it would but induce you, my friends, to retire.

Mob. My lord, with submission, we must in-
terpose,
'Twere a terrible pity to dirt these fine cloaths.

Lord. My cloaths I don't mind, and as for the
dirt,

I value it not, 'tis the fashion at court.
I know you're all loyal, I wish I could serve you,
From the danger that threatens, I fain would pre-
serve you :

So I beg you'll disperse, and go home to your
wives,

Nor foolishly stay at the risk of your lives :
If recourse must be had to the milit'ry power,
I dread the event of a single half-hour.

If

If such tumults as these were in France or in
Spain,

Five hundred by this time had surely been slain;
But the k— loves you all with such ardent affec-
tion,

He would lay down his life for the people's pro-
tection.

Mob. Oh God bless the k—, he's the best of
mankind,

We wish those about him were all of his mind,
No guards would be wanting to keep us in awe,
As we honour his name, and we reverence the
law.

Let elections be free, and whoever we chuse,
His seat in the house, you should never refuse.

And if great men were honest the poor would be
quiet,

So yourselves you may thank for this bustle and
riot.



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